THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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MORE OF BELFAST.

Miss Banim Continues Her Interesting Sketches of the Irish Commercial Metropolis.

The Mysteries of the Ulster Flax Industry.

BELFAST.

To the rest of Ireland Belfast is a living example of the truth of the two old proverbs—"What is one man's meat is another man's poison," and "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." There is a date in Ireland's commercial history when her woolen manufacturers were so thriving, especially in the southern provinces, that she bid fair, if not altogether to outdo England in this trade, at least to become her formidable rival at home and in foreign countries. This aroused the jealousy of the English merchants, who—no doubt in the usual spirit of fair play—petitioned William III. that he would be graciously pleased to destroy the woolen trade of Ireland, as it seriously interfered with the prosperity of his English subjects. His majesty was graciously pleased, and from the year 1699 all possible means were taken by a paternal government to crush out this manufacture in Ireland. In its place the linen trade was established and encouraged by every means. With the decay of the woollen industry of the south, the staple business of the "planted" north flourished and grew rapidly, aided by state bounties granted annually from 1743 to 1832, and watched over by a board of trustees appointed to promote its interests. A curious funeral custom, which has often excited the interest of strangers, is a relic of the early days when the English woollen trade was to be fostered at the expense of the Irish, and the linen trade was to be "planted" in its stead. It was ordained by the state that in England all the dead were henceforth to be shrouded in woolen stuff, while in Ireland white linen scarfs and hatbands were to be worn by the mourners at all funerals; hence the strangely decorated files of piebald men we are so accustomed to see in our funeral corteges. The cultivation and

SPINNING OF FLAX

and the making of linen cloth were known in this country from a very early period, but as a commerce it owes its growth and rapid development to the fostering of this industry on the part of the government and all those interested in the success of the Scotch and English plantations in Ulster. Rapid progress was made from the early part of the present century, but perhaps Belfast owes its greatest prosperity to the time of the last American war and to the years immediately succeeding, when a sudden bound was made on account of the stoppage of the supply of cotton to the United States, and the consequent demand for linen goods. During that period immense fortunes were quickly realized, and to the same time and cause are due numbers of the beautiful residences built in the suburbs and outlying districts, many of which are charmingly situated along the shores of the Lough.

There are in the city some handsome buildings, notably the Catholic Cathedral, the Presbyterian Memorial church, the Methodist college, and the Queen's college, which latter has been in Belfast a much greater educational success than in Cork and Galway; owing, of course, to the greater number of students in Belfast whose religious feelings need not interfere with their attendance at this college. But what a stranger to the place naturally feels more attracted to and desirous of seeing are the manufactures for which Belfast is noted. Of these the various industries connected with linen, in all its branches, claim pre-eminence, and a visit to some of the principal factories, which is courteously permitted by their managers, is full of interest even for those who do not understand the technicalities of all the

MARVELOUS PROCESSES

that pass before their eyes; and, after a course of flax, linen, machinery, dyeing, printing of cotton and cambric, lithographing, paper-finishing, Christmas card making, book-printing and binding, box making, ship building, cigar making, tea compressing, and an endless list of other manufactures, one comes to a pretty fair understanding of how, to a Belfastman's vision, "the forest of chimneys to be seen on approaching the town contrasts pleasantly with the quiet country just left behind."

I wonder does it ever occur to anyone, when buying some yards of linen, a few towels, damask table cloths or napkins, to think a little of the process, or rather the innumerable processes by which the fabric has come to its perfect form. It would take a series of long apprenticeships to thoroughly understand all that even one handkerchief or collar has gone through before it comes to be sold over the shop counter for the trifle that represents the retail price of an article which has cost so much labor, and that has actually taken months to bring to perfection. I have come to look upon a piece of linen with respectful admiration, and yet I have but a faint idea of each process in its making, that idea gleaned now and again in a passing way—in the flax fields of Belgium—by the banks of the Lys, where the flax lies steeping through a part of the summer—in the pretty bleach grounds, all striped with linen enough to supply any number of households—and, lastly, in Belfast, the great lined centre of the kingdom. Although it would take a very fair amount of knowledge to really understand any one manufacture, still it is utterly impossible to visit a factory and not carry away sufficient insight into its work to make us deeply interested in an desirous of a fuller understanding of all that we have seen.

As Belfast linen is a household world in many countries besides Ireland, a visitor to that city usually goes first to see a spinning mill. That of York street Spinning Co. is, I believe, one of the largest and best worth visiting in Ireland, and here can be seen every process of linen-making, from the time the flax leaves the scutch mill, until—a completed fabric—it is folded and packed, ready for sale in the wholesale or retail business houses, or for exportation to foreign countries.

SPINNING AND REELING THREAD.

The York street mill is a very large establishment, in which some 2,300 hands are employed, seven-eighths of whom are women, for a great part of the work done in the spinning and reeling of linen thread—or yarn, as it is technically called—can best be done by women, whose touch, for operations requiring great delicacy and dexterity in the handling, is lighter and quicker than that of the men.

In the great stores in York street we are first shown vast bales of the shining grey brown flax as it arrives from Flanders, that from Courtrai taking the lead of all; we see flax from Holland, Germany, Russia, etc., and, in far less quantity than it should be, the home growth, although the latter might and should bring the greatest share to the home markets. From what is known of its former culture in this country, and from all that has been said and written on the subject, it appears that the soil and climate of Ireland, those of the south of Ireland es pecially, are peculiarly adapted for this valuable crop. In former times flax was cultivated pretty equally over the country; in the days before machinery and capital brought the linen manufacture to the great export and home trade that now gives employment to so many, when in almost every household the flax-wheel had its place, not alone did the women in their cottages and farmhouses all spin the home prepared flax for the household supply of linen, but the ladies in richer homes could turn out their fine thread, priding themselves on the big oaken chestfuls of dainty linen and damask that was the result of their industry.

Machinery has done away with home-spinning, but it need not, say those who understand the matter thoroughly, by any means do away with the growing of flax. On the contrary, it should really have caused that industry to spread proportionately with the increased demand for Irish linen. If, as is stated, as good flax can be grown in Ireland as in Flanders, it is a great pity that three millions of money should go yearly to foreign countries for its purchase. And not only do these

THREE MILLIONS STERLING

go annually out of Ireland, but a numerous staff of buyers is kept upon the Continent. These gentlemen are paid good salaries, every penny of which is also spent away from home, so that in many ways the outgo is a serious loss to the country that could and should be remedied. As it is said that the climate of Ireland is one of the best for flax, on account of the moisture in the air which aids in developing length and texture of the fibre—that the soil is also well suited for its growth—that the abundant water supply for steeping, and the dews for subsequent bleaching, give everything that is necessary from first to last, as far as growth is concerned, nothing is wanting to make it a most remunerative crop but the same care in its cultivation and preparation that is given to it in some foreign countries. In Flanders especially is the crop skilfully treated, and there almost every part of the various processes it goes through are trades in themselves. The farmer who prepares the land and sows the seed goes no further than the pulling of the flax. The man who steeps it and so carefully watches the right moment for withdrawing it from the river, makes that, and that alone, his sole business, and so on with the many stages through which this product has to go. It is affirmed that, with proper manipulation, this could be made a most productive crop to aid the Irish farmers, in these times when foreign grain has rendered home corn almost a non-paying product. America cannot grow good flax—the dry climate makes that an impossibility; why not, then, turn to what can be grown here, and that of a quality and quantity scarce any country can surpass? Model farms were once established in various places for the education of the peasantry in the best methods of producing those crops which will no longer pay; could not such establishments now aid in giving the instructions necessary for enabling the farmer to make flax a really remunerative crop?—could not experts be brought over from France or from Flanders to teach all the best methods of cultivating and manipulating this product, and so keep at home the large sums of money now going to foreign lands?—another heavy annual drain upon an already overdrained country.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

GAELIC ATHLETICS IN IRELAND.

Following is the official list of the champion hurling and football clubs of Ireland for 1890:

HURLING CLUBS

Dublin, C. J. Kickham, first; Erin's Pride, second. Tipperary, John O'Leary, Bohercrowe, first; O'Donovan Rossa, Knockgraffon, second. Cork, T. B. McManus, Aghaballogue, first; John O'Mahony, Aghada, second. Clare, Clan na Gael, Ennis, first; Emmet Monument, Feakle, second. Kerry, Robert Emmet, Kilmoyley, first; Morty Oge O'Sullivan, Ballyduff, second. Limerick, South Liberties '67, first; Patrick Sarsfield, Knockany, second. Waterford, Capt. Mackay, Carrigbeg, first; Stars and Stripes, second. Sligo, Peter O'Neill Crowley, first; Napper Tandy, second. Mayo, United Irishmen, first; Underwood O'Connell, second. Leitrim, D. D. Mulcahy, first; Clare's Dragoons, second. Kildare, Theobald Wolfe Tone, Athy, first; Lord Edward, Moorefield, second. Carlow, Nemedian, first; Red Hugh O'Donnell, second. Wexford, '98, Castlebridge, first; Father Murphy, Ballyvaldin, second. Wicklow, O'Byrne, Annacurra, first; McAllister, Clara, second. Kilkenny, Manchester Martyrs, Bennettsbridge, first; Rapparee, Callan, second. Meath, Boyle O'Reilly, Ladyrath, first. Queens, Erin's Hope, Clonaslee, first; Wolfe Tone, Rathdowney, second. Kings, Thomas Davis, Dunkerrin, first; Fintan Lalor, Kilfiland, second. Westmeath, Clan na Gael, Thomastown, first; John Daly, Kilbeggan, second. Antrim, William Orr, Belfast, first; Red Hand, Lisburn, second. Derry, St. Patrick, Waterside, first; Emerald, Derry, second. Tyrone, United Irishmen, first; Redmond O'Hanlon, second. Cavan, Myles O'Reilly, first; Gallowglass, second. Monoghan, Dalgais, Farney, first. Fermanagh, Thomas Russell, first; O'Donnell Aboo, second. Donegal, Fionn McCool, first. Armagh, Dalaradian, first. Galway, Joan McHale, Dunmore, first; Leam Darg Aboo, second.

FOOTBALL CLUBS.

Dublin, Isle of the Sea, first; Young Ireland, second. Tipperary, T. F. Burke, Grangemockler, first; John Mitchell, Fethard, second. Cork, Michael Doheny, Middleton, first; Fontenoy, Dromtarrift, second. Clare, Dalcassian, Ennis, first; Red Branch Knights, Coore, second. Kerry, O'Sullivan Beare, Killorglin, first; John Mitchell, Tralee, second. Limerick, St. Patrick, first; Commercial, second. Waterford, James Stephens, Kinsalebeg, first; T. F. Meagher, Dungarvan, second. Roscommon, Carolan, Boyle, first; Kegan Casey, Castlerea, second. Sligo, P. W. Nally, Tubbercurry, first; P. N. Fitzgerald, second. Mayo, James Stephens, Ballina, first; Brian Boru, Mulranny, second. Leitrim, Hugh O'Neill, first. Kildare, Hamilton Rowan, Monasterevan, first; Geraldine, Clane, second. Carlow, The Croppy, Carlow, first; Croom Aboo, Creerin, second. Blue and White, Wexford, first; Myles Byrne, Mulgannon, second. Wicklow, Michael Dwyer, Askingap, Gen. Holt, Baltinglass, second. Kilkenny, Smith O'Brien, Ballyhale, first; Kilkenny, Phœnix, second. Meath, Navan Sarsfield, first. Queens, J. F. Finerty, Branra, first; T. C. Tuby, Abbeyleix, second. Kings, Benburb, Tullamore, first; Green Flag, Banagher, second. Westmeath, Sunburst, Athlone, first; Irish Brigade, Moate, second. Longford, Brother Sheares, first. Antrim, Harp, Belfast, first; Northern Star, Belfast, second. Derry, Hibernian, Derry, first; Young Ireland, Derry, second. Down, John Mitchel, Newry, first. Tyrone, Owen Roe O'Neill, Cookstown, first. Cavan, Rory O'Moore, Belturbet, first. Monaghan, Robert Emmet, Carrickmacross, first; Whiteboy, second. Fermanagh, Henry Munro, Enniskillen, first; Wolfe Tone, second. Donegal, Silver Bond, Letterkenny, first. Armagh, Erin's Harp, Armagh, first; Shamrock, Blackwatertown, second. Galway, Erin's Star, Tuam, first; Connor MacNessa, Mullagh, second.

At Clonturk Park, on Aug. 17, three inter-county hurling and football matches were fixed to take place, viz.—Dublin v. Westmeath (football) and Queen's County v. Kildare (hurling and football). In consequence of the Kildare teams not putting in an appearance, the first-named match only came off. The Queen's County teams were awarded a walk over.

It was apparent from the commencement that the Athlone men were by no means as well advanced in the science of football as the metropolitans. The provincials kicked very nicely and played a plucky game, but they were sadly deficient in organization and discipline. For the first half they made an excellent stand, scoring a point against the Isle of the Sea. Soon after half-time the Dubliners scored a clear goal, which apparently demolished the Westmeath men, and from this to the conclusion the Dublin champions had matters much their own way, the score standing at the finish Isle of the Sea 6 goals 11 points; T. P. O'Connor's (Athlone) 2 points. Mr. R P. Fennell, Mary borough, referreed the match

At Youghal a Gaelic football match was played between Midleton firsts (champions of county Cork) and Kinsalebeg (champions of county Waterford). The issue lying between two such crack teams, the match created a great deal of public interest, so much so that the Great Southern and Western Railway Company ran four special trains to Youghal, and thousands traveled in this way to witness the match, which was certain to prove most exciting. Play began at three o'clock, Midleton winning the toss, and thereby securing the advantage of wind and a slight incline of ground in their favor. Play was fast, Midleton in the first half hour scoring 5 points, while Kinsalebeg failed to score. A heavy downpour of rain then caused a cessation of hostilities, but when play was resumed Midleton increased their score by 1 point more, which left them victorious at 6 points to nil.

Alderman James Dunn, of Brooklyn, and his son, James, the celebrated handball players, left Queenstown for New York recently. During their stay in Ireland they played at Midleton, Cork, Waterford, Kanturk, Charleville, Kilkenny, Nenagh and Athy, and came off victorious in every town they visited. The Cork handball club presented Mr. Dunn, Jr., with a gold medal, bearing the following inscription: "Presented by the Cork Handball Club to James Dunn as a token of esteem and regard on this his first visit to Cork, 1890."

Facts Worth Knowing.

In all diseases of the nasal mucous membrane the remedy used must be non-irritating. The medical profession has been slow to learn this. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished with douches, snuffs, powders or syringes because they are all irritating, do not thoroughly reach the affected surfaces, and should be abandoned as worse than failures. A multitude of persons who had for years borne all the worry and pain that catarrh can inflict testify to radical cures wrought by Ely's Cream Balm.

If you want to send money to your family in Ireland you should check it at the White Star Line office, 54 South Clark street. The place is considered the best and cheapest in the West. There is no discount on their checks.

Use Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer and your thin gray locks will thicken up and be restored to their youthful color, vigor, and beauty.

THIS IS 'ARD.

A Voluminous and Severe Correspondent Impales on His Uncomfortably Sharp Pen Certain Irish Town Commissioners.

He also Charges Irishmen with Most of the Misfortunes of Their Country—A Queer Kind of Sermonizer.

IRISH "AS SHE IS WROTE."

Ni raibh luadh a n-Eirenn air,
'S ni raibh fomradh a n-Albain;
Do rinc me leas leachta Thuama,
Nior bh-feas e muna n-aorfainn.

DEAR SIR.—With apologies to both parties concerned, I introduce certain Irish town commissioners to the readers of THE CITIZEN that are at present and that may be in the future. The following record of proceeding taken from that patriotic and manly journal, the Tuam *News* for Aug. 15, will be a reason to the honorable and honest readers of THE CITIZEN why the aforesaid commissioners are obtruded on their attention. I feel that I owe myself another apology for taking up the matter and spending some hours' precious time of a life, that in the order of nature must be near its terrestrial termination, in discussing the doings and noddings of a body of such dubious importance in the great world, as these particular town commissioners. But a small and insignificant body may often through accident have in their hands the determining of great causes and principles. The ruin of the human race, as we know, was wrought by the eating of an apple. The fall of Troy, as the poets tell us, was caused by another. A gang of robbers founded the Roman empire. The loss of a button caused the battle of Clontarf. So it happened in the case of the town commissioners; they for once in the history of their municipality—God bless the mark—had a chance to do a great and noble deed for Irish nationality, but they threw away the chance forever and forever.

ADVERTISING IN THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

"The clerk said the next thing on the circular was Mr. MacP's. notice of motion."

Mr. MacP.—This resolution which I have given notice of—having the town board's advertisements published in Irish side by side with the same published in English—to my mind is of very great importance. A great and absorbing interest has been taken in the Irish language, not alone in T—, but throughout the whole of Ireland. The rising generation of Irishmen and Irish women have taken very much to the study of the language. You will have seen by the newspapers what interest the "exiles of Erin" take in the language of the country? Those people very naturally look to T. and to the West of Ireland for the preservation of the language. The people have kept a firm grip of it. They cling to the Irish language as tenaciously as "ivy to a ruin." Why should not the Irish language be recognized by the representative boards of the country. It is not recognized by them. The tongue of the Saxon holds the field. I, therefore, on public grounds move that advertisements in the Irish language be in future published side by side with the same published in English. It is for you now, gentlemen, to give the language a stimulus. I beg leave therefore to move the following resolution:

That this board do in future publish all its advertisements in the Irish languge side by side with the same in English.

Mr. G.—It is enough to advertise in English.

Dr. D. said the Irish language was certainly worthy of consideration.

The chairman added that he was interested in the vernacular and should be glad to help in preserving it.

Mr. S.—As Mr. MacP. and Mr. K. are so fond of the Irish language I have no doubt they will publish the Irish advertisements gratis.

Mr. MacP.—If the board approves of this motion they are perfectly free to publish the advertisements in the *Gaelic Journal*, or in any Irish newspaper in Ireland they wish.

Mr. S.—Then the board are to pay for publishing the Irish advertisements?

Mr. MacP.—Certainly the board are to pay for the translation of them, too. Your clerk can translate them. Isn't that the proper way to encourage and support the language. Your good wishes are worthless and do it no good.

Mr. S.—It we pass that resolution the board will be in a nice hold to Mr. K. He is contractor for advertising in the two papers, and under this resolution we'll be bound to publish side by side with the English the same in Irish. Do you think Mr. K. will do that under his present contract.

Chairman—Let us call in Mr. K.

Mr. C.—If Mr. MacP. get a seconder.

Mr. MacP.—O! course if the motion is not seconded it drops. That is not a personal matter at all with me. I take a higher and broader view of the publication in Irish of those advertisements. You, as a public body, representatives of the people, should in disbursing the people's money in advertising, recognize the people's language by advertising through its medium. Some of you are members of the Irish Language committee formed in town, and by your resolution as such, you are pledged to do all in your power to preserve and support the Irish language.

No one seconding Mr. MacP. the motion dropped.

Mr. MacP.—You spend money on less deserving objects. There for instance ye are paying £4 for an auditor, that ye needn't pay at all, and a useless expenditure on the town hall."

It is now admitted on all sides, that the language of a people, filled with their traditions of the past, fraught with the essence of their national character, the record of the great thoughts, words and deeds of their poets, chiefs and heroes, is a spiritual possession, as a recent writer says, as valuable in its way as the very soil and territory on which they dwell. In some ways it is more a thing of their life and soul—for while they may change their territories and prosper—making a new land as much their material property as the old, if they lose their ancient traditions and their ancient language, they lose what they never can get an equivalent for. A man may and does change within a certain period his corporal man, but he never changes his spiritual man, his soul, his personality. When a nation loses its language and traditions, that nation is dead. As long as the Irish spoke their ancestral speech and fed their souls on the immortal food of their glorious and heroic songs, stories, histories and legends, they were a race of heroes. They might be overcome to day, always more by native treachery, the treachery of the evil, unpatriotic clann leaders—the town commissioners of their day—the miserable, mean, narrow minded factious, fratricidal aristocracy that has ever been the ruin of Eirinn—but they were able to fight as a great nation on the morrow. As long as the soul lived and there remained any life in the body, the Irish nation recovered with miraculous swiftness and power. But since the national speech with all its great and mighty treasures of the past has been destroyed, more by the ilk of the town commissioners than by the English oppressors, there has been no recovery of the Irish power, no redawning of Irish genius, nothing but famine and destruction and disgrace.

An Irishman having sold his country, thanked God he had a country to sell. Another says hell is not hot enough, nor eternity long enough to torture those of the Irish race, who had the manliness left to be willing to fight for their freedom. Irishmen fling the language of Columbcille, Brian and Cathal O'Conchubhar out of Irish children. Irishmen give over the education of their children to the English enemy. Irishmen prevent their boys and girls from learning that they have or ever had a country. Irishmen betray their friends and cause and country with a frequency, a fury and a recklessness that astonishes and disgusts all civilization. These are some of the common phenomena of Anglicized Ireland. What wonder, then, if genius has ceased to come from God to such a people, if the crops wither on their fields by a strange, mysterious disease elsewhere unknown? What wonder if policemen, the crops of such a sowing, murder their fathers and brothers for the foreigners' pay? What wonder if the effeminate despot Balfour scourges a race that once produced men, but seems to produce men no more? What wonder if the Irish are despised all over the globe, as they are, as a people who sold every race possession that other peoples love and respect—their land, their language, their traditions, their music and their manhood. MacMurrough sold them seven centuries ago, the town commissioners sold them yesterday. The same old Iscariot spirit has lived on among the leaders of the Irish people, and it is alive and rampant to day, defying grand old British Gladstone to make them, though he calls them an Irish nation. A nation of town commissioners! Why, Hector, of Troy, Hannibal, Cæsar and Napoleon could not make a nation out of one hundred millions of such human rubbish. A nation can no more be made out of men without a national spirit, than out of a continent full of eunuchs.

Now let it be admitted and understood, that it was an Irishman that brought the English first into Ireland, that it was the treachery of Irish chiefs that enabled them to remain there; that it was the fratricidal and factional fury of Irishmen, of the leaders of the people, that caused the land of Eirinn to be three times confiscated; that it was Irishmen that sold their parliament to the English; that it was Irishmen that abandoned and destroyed the national language and literature. Just as certainly it is incivism, selfishness, treachery and ignorance of Irishmen to day, and not the Tories or Liberal Unionists, that are keeping Ireland in slavery—in the slavery of national self degradation more than of Castle rule. The town commissioners, small a corporation as they are, have, by refusing to recognize the Irish language, struck a more deadly blow at the cause of real Irish nationality than was ever inflicted by Dublin Castle. They had Home Rule in this matter, but when they could approve themselves Irishmen, they showed themselves more English than the English themselves. While a great English scholar is editing and publishing Irish books in Dublin, while Gladstone himself is commending the Welsh for maintaining their national language, these Connacht town commissioners are doing their best to discredit and destroy the glorious speech of the Gaedhal in its last stronghold. As Mr. MacP. truly said scholars not only of Irish race, but Germans, Italians, Frenchmen, Scots and even Englishmen, all who love the beautiful and magnificent in life and literature, look to T. and the West of Ireland for the preservation of the Irish language, the more so as the grandeur and glory of the greatest Irishman of modern times, John MacHale, archbishop of Tuam, sheds a luster over that part of Ireland that otherwise it neither deserves nor would ever attain to. But alas, in the forest where once the lordly lion held his undisputed sway, now the jackals howl and the grinning hyenas snarl. The brightest pearls in his diadem are trodden down by the swine that trample and tear the vineyard he treasured with such care. Where he, the magnanimous, maintained unsullied the manhood and priesthood the heritage of our fathers to us, and die this in a manner all alone in that dreary day, when he only of the Catholic Episcopate of Ireland dared write himself bishop of his see, and this he did, because he more than any other in his day preserved purest and strongest the ancient tradition of the Gaedhal, as he preserved most purely the speech of that same Gaedhal—there of all the places in the world for Irishmen to sell the national language, the shrine of the national soul for the sake of a few miserable shillings! Truly, a baser, more dastardly, deed never was perpetrated on Irish soil.

But these town commissioner folks care not for country or nationality, for national honor or racial pride, what they care for is to be permitted by the English government to lick the dust off its shoes, that they may be allowed to eat up their poorer countrymen. In all history there is not another example of such horrible incivism, selfishness and want of national pride on the part of the wealthier classes and professions as in Ireland. The landed gentry, "learned" professions, merchants, rich tradesmen and strong farmers in Ireland, and in Ireland only, are as a body against everything tending to the freedom, honor and glory or their country. There is a story told that one of the planets is tenanted by the soulless bodies of earthborn men, that lived the slaves of their lusts during their life on this earth—they have a physical life with animal appetites and senses, but no soul or mind. Nothing in hell is more horrible, says the narrator. The very demons of the pit shun for horror this vampire land. There are classes of men on earth somewhat like unto these, men who have inherited a great name, a great heritage of national heroism, holiness and learning, a great literature overflowing with the expression of purest honor and valor, a grand music that must have first sprung up in the souls of men who lived nigh unto the kingdom of the angels—but they trample on all these glorious treasures as swine upon precious pearls—as if like to the other herd of swine of which we read, that perished in the sea, the devils of greed, gluttony, avarice and ugliness possessed them. As far as the present fellaheen of Egypt have sunk below the men who built the pyramids, as far as the brigands who infest modern Greece have fallen beneath the Hellenes that drove back the Persians, as far as the Italian of to day has degenerated from the standard of the Roman who conquered Hannibal, so far have Irishmen of the town commissioner stamp fallen below the grade of such men as Cuchullain, Cormac Mac Art, Dearmaid Mac Cerbaill and Brian Boru. Because they are all slaves, and love the slavery that encourages the traitor, grabber and gombeen man, they hate even to hear or be reminded of the ancient glory of their native land—they being creatures of darkness hate the light—they fear if their poorer neighbors, who have through good and ill remained loyal to Irish nationality and the Irish tongue, were to be educated in the love of their forefathers, that they would rise against the contemptible rule of such subordinate serfs.

But there are still men left in Ireland true to nationality and national speech. The "masses" of Connacht and Munster have still a warm place in their hearts for the speech and songs of the Gaedhal. If they will only organize in favor of the ancient language and the ancient learning, they can revive them despite legions of town commissioners, shoneens and upstarts, those Brummagem apes of John Bull. Let those Irishmen who think it no glory to be ignorant of everything that other peoples deem most necessary and honorable to know, go to work and have their language printed and sung and spoken—then they may expect the respect of other nations, and they may reasonably hope to make their own country a nation.

A MAN FROM GALWAY.

P. S. The name of the particular town whose commissioners are referred to and the names of the commissioners are left out here, although they appeared in the Tuam *News*, from which the record of the proceedings has been copied. They may take the gentle hint and do better again.

A. M. F. G.

Resolutions of Condolence.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by Division No. 1, A. O. H., of East St. Louis, Ill., at their last meeting:

WHEREAS, An all wise Providence, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to remove from our midst our esteemed friend and brother, Patrick Berry; and

WHEREAS, With a true Christian spirit we bow with humility to the decree of our Divine Master, we cannot refrain from giving expression to our profound sorrow at the loss of an honored friend and president; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Patrick Berry this society has lost one of its ablest and most zealous officers, his family a devoted husband and affectionate son and brother, the church a devout adherent, and the community an honest and respected citizen; and be it further

Resolved, That the character and life of our departed friend and brother was conspicuous for unswerving devotion to the principles of truth, justice and honesty; and be it further

Resolved, That the cause of Irish emancipation from English oppression has lost an able exponent, whose loyalty to his native land will ever stand as a monument to his memory, a credit to his country and an example worthy of our emulation; and be it further

Resolved, That we tender to the family of our deceased brother, in this their sad hour of affliction, our most profound sympathy, and that these resolutions be spread on the records of this society, and a copy be sent to the family of our deceased brother, to the local press, the *Western Hibernian*, and THE CITIZEN, of Chicago, and the charter be draped for the period of thirty days.

J. I. LINEHAM,
M. J. CARROLL,
DAN MCGLYNN,
Committee.

The only radical cure for rheumatism is to eliminate from the blood the acid that causes the disease. This is thoroughly effected by the persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Persist until cured. The process may be slow, but the result is sure.

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THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER II.

HELEN'S VISITOR—THE GLOVE.

It would be difficult to picture the scene of amazement and confusion that ensued at this moment, as perhaps it would be equally difficult to portray the surprise with which the stranger looked on the confusion his entrance had caused.

Nor was his astonishment much less than that of Redmond, who could not conceive why the simple entrance of a stranger—a by no means unusual circumstance in the hospitable mansion of Seamore—should give rise to such terrors in the minds of his sister.

Helen was quickly borne to her own room by the females of the house, the old housekeeper muttering to herself sorrowfully the while—"ner luck, *mavrone*—her luck! It's come to night as it came threean'-twenty years ago. Woe is me—*mavrone!* Woe is me!"

When Redmond had seen his sister safely placed in her room, and under the ministering care of the women-kind of the house, he hurried back to see the unconscious cause of the disturbance.

He was standing, with feelings of disappointment depicted on his countenance, in the spot whereon he had stood when Helen's terrified eyes rested upon him; for the remainder of the party at the fire were too surprised to bid him welcome, or even to speak to him, and, if the truth were known, were inclined to look upon his presence with almost as much repugnance as the fainting girl herself.

So he stood there stock still, apparently undecided what to do.

But standing there, in his half-sailor, half-soldier, uniform, he certainly seemed to be one who, upon even ordinary scrutiny, was calculated to cause terror to any gathering, much less to the breast of susceptible girlhood.

About twenty-two years of age—scarcely more—though his weather-beaten, bronzed features might make him out older, his appearance was decidedly prepossessing. To a frank, open countenance, set off by a pleasant mouth, the white teeth of which formed an agreeable contrast with the dark mustache which was beginning to shade the upper lip, was added a pair of dark brown eyes which, notwithstanding the look of half displeasure that shadowed them, were attractive and striking. His forehead, brown with exposure, was singularly marked by the oblique cicatrice referred to, while under the sailor's cap he wore, with its braided band of gold, dark locks peeped out—so very dark that they almost made his forehead look marble white by comparison. His jacket, descending but little below his hips, gave him the appearance of being much taller than he was; and, on the whole, his appearance, as we have said before, was but little calculated to create such unwonted alarm.

So, at least, Redmond Barrington thought, as, having come back again to where the stranger was standing, still with the glove between his fingers, the latter smiled and said:

"I am afraid I have unwarrantably disturbed you."

"You have disturbed us, certainly," said Redmond courteously, and smiling in response, "though I do not know why. It was certainly not your fault. Perhaps it was because I, my sister and her friend were expecting a different visitor."

"I have disturbed you at any rate, and I have to apologize for it."

"I beg you not to mention it," said Redmond, who, the more he looked at the frank, attractive countenance of the stranger, the more he wondered what on earth frightened his sister.

"I am not quite certain," pursued the visitor, "that it would not be becoming in me to withdraw; but perhaps it is only right that I should give a reason for my unceremonious intrusion and for the path by which I came."

Redmond had completely forgotten that the stranger had come by way of the orchard—a way never permitted to any but himself and his sister and friends—and he now bethought him of it as a very singular circumstance, and as, perhaps, in some leading to his sister's sudden alarm.

Checking, however, any appearance of concern, he promptly said:

"You must not think of going, and indeed, I should apologize for inhospitably keeping you standing here so long. You must not take it," added he pleasantly, "as our usual way at Seamore. Come with me—the night is cold and stormy for one traveling."

So, saying, he pushed open the door that led into the corrider, and proceeded up stairs to his own room, followed by the stranger.

A fire was blazing in the grate and a lamp was burning on the table. Redmond wheeled over an arm chair to the fire opposite to the one reserved for himself, and motioned the stranger thereto. But the latter took no notice of his gesture. He was standing, cap in hand, his black hair curling over his temples, in the center of the apartment, looking around him. Having apparently satisfied himself with his observation, he threw himself in the arm chair.

"How well I know this room!—how well I know every article of furniture in it! Nothing altered — nothing changed!"

It was more of a soliloquy than as an opening of conversation; but it surprised Redmond not a little, and he said:

"Did you say that you knew this room?"

"Well," said the stranger.

"I do not remember ever seeing you here before."

"I was here, nevertheless," said the stranger with something like a sigh.

"Pardon me. I do not doubt your words. But it seems curious to me that you should, for you could not have been here before my time—you are not much older than I—and you certainly have not been here since, that I remember."

"I have been here, nevertheless. There is not a secret drawer in yonder oaken cabinet that I could not open in the dark. I could find, blindfolded, the door in this room that leads to the secret stairway into the cellars."

"The first time ever I knew or heard there was a secret stairway," said Redmond.

"It was a similar resemblance that prompted me to come the old familiar way by the orchard instead of——Grannie!"

While he was speaking the old woman had entered the room noiselessly, and—before he was aware of it—had advanced towards him with outstretched arms. Her movements at last attracted his unsettled attention, and as soon as his eyes had alighted on her face he sprang up and in a moment she was clasped in his arms.

"Grannie! Grannie! have I seen you at last?"

"Let me go, Eugene, until I see your face once more," said Cauth, as her dim eyes suffused with tears. She turned him round and drew back a little, the better to let the light fall on his face. If the old housekeeper's eyes were diffused with tears the stranger's were not either without visible marks of emotion.

"It's the same face, my dear—the same face. Your mother's eyes—I'd know them the world over. Oh! Eugene! Eugene! where were you these many years that you never came to Seamore?"

"I was many a place, Grannie, the wide world over; but never any place yet that I did not think of Seamore—never."

"How strong you have grown; or is it to my poor old eyes that you look so big?"

"I have grown, I believe, Grannie. Sixteen years is a long spell in a young fellow's life, and I suppose," said the stranger, with a furtive and awkward attempt to banish the unaccustomed dew from his eyes, "I have grown somewhat in the time."

"If your mother could only see you now, Eugene!"

The stranger turned away to the window, looked out on the garden where the orchard trees were—stripped of their leaves—standing bare and desolate, and, having recovered himself, returned to his former position.

"One of my reasons, Grannie, he said quietly, but brokenly, "in coming to Ireland, along with seeing Seamore, was to kneel once more upon her grave."

"*Aroon*, it would have been the forgotten grave this many a year," said the old woman, "but for us in Seamore."

"I think, Grannie," said Redmond, who had been a wondering listener to this conversation, "I must ask you to introduce me to this gentleman; for I protest that, familiar as he is with the place, and well as you know him, he has, I am sorry to say, passed from my memory."

"The young soon forget, my dear," said Cauth; "the old have longer memories. But, even if you forget him, you must have often heard his name. There was a little boy here once, Eugene"—

"What!" said Redmond in a burst of delight and welcome, and advancing to shake hands with the stranger, "the little boy who disappeared from the English school, and never was heard of again."

"Until now, dear sir—until now," said the stranger, smiling at the warmth and welcome of the other's salutation. "I came," added he to the housekeeper, "expecting to see old familiar faces, and learned not half an hour ago, to my deep pain and regret, that I might never look on them again."

"That's the way of the world, my dear; the old die and the young grow up and take their places. I am the only one left."

"I can only say," said Redmond, himself not a little affected by the turn the conversation had taken, "that if they were here you would not be more welcome than you are at present."

"If I thought otherwise," said the stranger brightly, "I should scarcely have been here. But I have other inquiries, Grannie, to make."

"About Alice?" said the old woman.

"About Alice—yes," said the stranger. "You may think it odd, Grannie, that all these many years I have never come to see her any more than other dear friends in Seamore. But my life since I was taken from school in England has been cast on board ships and in distant waters, where there was no more possibility of my coming to Ireland than there was of going to Iceland. But I have never forgotten her, and her childish face was often present to me where there was nothing around but the howling sea and the hurricane sweeping the face of the waters. How is she? Where is she?"

"She is in France, and she is quite well."

"In France?" said the stranger.

"The poor dear was not strong when a child, and she was sent there. And there she remained ever since. She was here for some months, about a year ago, on a visit."

"How has she grown, Grannie?"

"Not quite so tall as Miss Helen; very pretty, with an olive paleness in her face, and an engaging, loving way with her that wins upon you at once—in that way, like her poor mother, the light of God's glory to her!

The stranger passed his hands across his eyes and was silent for some time.

"I had expected to find her here," he said; "but that pleasure lies before me shortly, when I return to France. I am delighted to hear she is well. Our meeting will be a strange one after so many years. But I fear," said he, addressing Redmond, "this conversation can have little interest for you—although interesting enough to Grannie and myself."

"Though all memory of you has passed out of my mind, and all recollection from my eyes your name is familiar enough," said Redmond, "and your conversation most interesting."

"I thought, Grannie," said the stranger, with a droll look, "I should like to see whether I could climb the orchard wall as readily as I did so many years ago. Would you believe it? I knew quite readily in the dark the very crevices in the wall into which I used to place my feet. That was how I came through the orchard. And, curiously as I came along the wind blew something in my face, and, when I put up my hand and caught it, it turned out to be a glove. This is it."

He had held the glove in his hand all the time, and now glanced at it. As also did Cauth.

Her brow darkened, and a look of pain shot her face and eyes.

"It's Helen's glove," said she slowly, as she extended her hand for it.

He did not seem to notice the motion; but merely said, with a quiet smile:

"Miss Barrington did not know that it was an old though unremembered friend that called or she would not have been so frightened."

"Never mind that, Eugene, if you will permit me so to call you," said Redmond. "Helen is not used to such weaknesses, and I am sure the effects will soon pass off, and that in the morning she will be ready to welcome an old friend to Seamore. And, by the way, Grannie, as this is rather a cold way in which to receive a visitor, I wish you would bring us up something to celebrate the occasion."

Grannie, whose brow had again become careful, left to attend to the wish thus expressed, and the stranger placed the tiny glove in his breast pocket.

She soon returned with a servant bearing some tumblers and a steaming kettle, and Redmond having produced some cigars they were prepared to pass the night pleasantly.

"Isn't it odd, Grannie," said the stranger as the housekeeper was about leaving for the purpose of seeing her young mistress, "that, many years as have passed since I was here, I could walk nearly blindfolded about the house. There was an old cabinet in the drawingroom—companion to this one here"—pointing to an oaken press fixed in the wall, and to which he had before referred—"that I remember as well as yesterday. I think I could open it this moment."

"If you could, Eugene, it's the first time it has been opened since you left. The key was lost, and the poor master that's dead and gone would not allow it to be broken."

"I think I shall not need a key for it," said Eugene, while a gleam of satisfaction flashed across his eyes, "and I mean to try how far my memory serves me by essaying it to-morrow."

The old woman shook her head—but whether at the impossibility of his succeeding in what he proposed, or that the mention of the cabinet brought memories of the dead and gone around her, the stranger failed to know, though he glanced at her sharply.

Leaving the two young men to their conversation, the old woman proceeded to Helen's room, where she found the startled girl fairly recovered. Notwithstanding the fright she had sustained—or perhaps by reason thereof—she was, with all a woman's curiosity, anxious to know something of the cause of it. Some of the female servants had been already describing, in language of high eulogism, the appearance of the strange visitor; and her anxiety to know something of him—an anxiety not unshared by Kate Howard—had attained a high pitch.

Cauth was, therefore, much against her will, obliged to give a detailed account of the mysterious arrival; but she concluded her narrative with the exhortation:

"An' now, Helen, honey, be led and said by me, an' take no notice of him more than an old friend that's come on a visit for a few days. Luck nor grace don't come of Holly Eve games, an' on that account have nothing to say to him. A girl's heart is aisily turned; an' it would be a sore day if you let it change from Trevor Mortimer, who loves the very ground you walk upon."

It would have been better, perhaps, for the purposes and intentions the housekeeper had in view if she had not harped on this string or given this advice. Women are at all times bad judges of woman nature, and the advice she gave only predisposed Helen for the result she desired to avoid. For, as one result of this exordium, Helen, with the waywardness of a girl's fancy, was now in the highest impatience to behold the handsome young foreigner who had become possessed of her glove and who had startled her so much. Trevor Mortimer seemed commonplace and unimportant by comparison with this wonderful unknown. The sad story of Rose Morris paled into tameness in presence of this new sensation. It was therefore with a flutter of delightful anticipation that the two young girls—when they were left together in their room—discussed the prospects of a meeting with their new guest in the morning, and drew to themselves fancy pictures of what he was like, and what appearance he would present.

So animated and absorbing was their conversation that they failed to hear—or, if they heard, to pay attention to—a strange disturbance going on in the kitchen. It was only after a considerable time that it became evident to them that there was some clamor going on more than usual; and Kate Howard was about placing her hand on the silken bell-rope to ring to inquire, when the door opened and Cauth, cautiously closing it again, approached them and said:

"Miss Helen! don't be afeard at what I'm goin' to tell you. It's better that I should tell you than that anyone else should."

"What is it, Grannie?" asked Helen, while her trembling lip gave evidence of her fresh alarm at this ominous introduction.

"Trevor Mortimer has just come in."

"Well, what more—Grannie? I know there is something yet to tell."

"He has got hurt."

"Hurt—how?" screamed the two girls in unison.

"I don't know—no one knows."

"Can he not tell?"

Before the old woman could answer, the door was hastily flung open, and Redmond entered.

"This is an awful business, Helen," he said, while the big drops of perspiration stood out on his brow.

"What is it, Redmond?—what has happened?" faintly asked Helen, scarcely able to articulate the words.

"He has been struck—struck with a dagger—and I am afraid he is dying," said Redmond in hurried and awe stricken accents. "He may know your voice, Helen—will you come down?"

Perhaps it was the desire to succor, perhaps it was the fear of death to one so dear to her, that overcame all considerations of self and banished her recent weakness; whatever it was that occasioned the effort, Helen rose with firm and unfaltering steps, and hurried with her brother to the kitchen.

A woeful sight met her eyes. On the settle, stretched at his full length, pillows supporting his head, apparently dead or dying, lay Sir Trevor Mortimer. The blood that poured from a wound over his left breast gave token of where the blow had been delivered. In sight of this appalling spectacle the weakness that unnerved Helen Barrington previously, vanished; and her ready hand was soon at work to remove the stained clothes and to staunch the wound. In this she received valuable assistance from the young Frenchman, whom in the confusion of the moment she scarcely thought of, but whose previous experience in the matter of wounds made him an invaluable aid at this juncture.

The morning light was breaking in through the opened windows before the wounded man gave tokens of consciousness. A doctor, who had been sent for, arrived pronounced him not in imminent danger; and, tired Nature asserting itself, the two girls retired to rest. Redmond and his new friend, less susceptible to fatigue, having seen Trevor under the doctor's care, retired to their rooms to have a cigar and discuss this unhappy and mysterious affair.

"This is a strange business," said Redmond.

"He was struck from behind—over the shoulder. The wound was downward," remarked Eugene. "Has he any enemies?"

"I never knew he had one," replied the former.

The blow was well meant at any rate. The striker felt for his heart. His coat alone saved him."

"It was no weak hand that gave the blow."

"I should think not," said the stranger. "Weak hands do not generally go in for that kind of work."

"Well, poor fellow, I am glad his life has been spared. We shall know more in the morning or during the day, if he be able to speak."

"The doctor spoke of fever. If that supervenes it may be a long time until he is able to give any information," remarked Eugene—"although I have seen men recover from much more serious wounds in a short time. Who is he?"

Redmond proceeded to inform him, after which, having shown Eugene to his bedroom, they retired to rest.

But the old housekeeper, af she sat at the bedside of the heavily breathing sufferer, muttered from time to time. "He brought the ill luck with him, *mavrone*, as his father brought before him!"

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Caitlin T'riall.

I

Ismian liom tráchtadh air gach nidh le stuaim,
Agus is mithid liom tráchtadh air Chitidh na g-cuach.
'Sí an plaunda breágh leimbh ta saoit eamhail suarc,
A's a samhail ní fheacas a m-bailtibh na d-tuaith.
'Sé mo chreach mhóidne sár fhágbhadh mé
Air bhruach loch' Eirrill le fáinne an lae,
Mar shúil go bh-faghaim amhare air Chitidh na g-craebh
Mar do chualadh mé teastas bhreághachta a gcéimh.

II

Sé mo leangurt chonaire me dubhach na peann,
Na da chúl breágh triopallach fáineach fionn;
Dá d-toigeadh an Tighearna Easbolg-sí, lámh mo chionn
Bhearfainn Citidh, an staid-bhean tar sáile liom.
Is gile í na 'n eala, 's is deirgh í na 'n ghrian,
Is binne í na g-cuala me de cheoltaibh a riamh;
Ní 'l aon teach leann 'reaca fá 'n t-sráid so shiar,
Nach n-ólfaidh mé slainte Chaitlin T'riall!

III

Is truagh nach bh-fuil misi agus Citidh dheas chaoin
Fá chúl an toim chuilinn go n-ólfamaois braoin
Mar shuil le Dia dílseas go d-tógfainn a croidhe,
Agus go d-tabharfainn a bhaile ó 'n a máthair liom í
Léigh mé do litir amuich air an sliabh,
Ba bhinne í ná iomad de ceóltaibh sighe;
Fáirt mór de 'm 'chruadhtan gur leat chúill mé mo chiall
Is mór anaahaidh d 'anam é, a Chaith lifn T'riall.

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

HERBERT—Aug. 17, at his residence, Kilmastulla, Birdhill, county Tipperary, after a brief illness, Maurice, second eldest son of the late Michael Herbert, aged 22 years.

NOLAN—Aug. 17, at her father's residence, Knocklishen, county Carlow, Anne, dearly beloved daughter of Mr. Christopher Nolan.

ROONEY—At her residence, No. 84 Meath street, Dublin, Mary Ann Rooney, relict of Patrick Rooney.

RUTLEDGE—Aug. 18, at his father's residence, New street, Wicklow, second eldest son of Simon and Elizabeth Rutledge, aged 16 years.

SHERLOCK—Aug. 17, at Kilnahard, county Cavan, Patrick Sherlock, aged 65 years.

YEATES—Aug. 15, accidentally drowned at Sutton, R. Eustace, second son of the late R. Yeates, Esq., Elm Hall, county Kildare, and Mrs. Yeates, No. 74 Dame street, Dublin.

CASSIDY—On the Feast of the Assumption, at St. Bridget's Retreat, Sydney, Australia, Rev. Joseph Cassidy, C. P., aged 27 years, youngest son of Wm. Cassidy, Ardcath, county Meath.

TIGHE—Aug. 20, at his residence, No 9 Daly's row, off Buckingham street, Dublin, Robert Tighe, aged 35 years, son of Owen Tighe, Arm Cottage, Castleres, county Roscommon.

BOROUGH—Aug. 6, Randal Borough, J. P., aged 46 years, eldest son of the late Robert H. Borough, Esq., J. P., Cappe House, Kilrush.

CASEY—Aug. 19, at No. 27 Aughrim street, Dublin, Martin Casey, cooper, in the employment of Messrs. John D'Arcy & Son for 44 years.

LITTLE—Aug. 13, at Iceland, Ballina, county Mayo, Jane Fanny, relict of the late William Carrick Little, one of the proprietors of the Moy Fishery, aged 55 years.

BURKE—Aug. 16, at Shanghai, China, Bedella Mary Burke, relict of the late Martin J. Burke, Esq., M. D., and daughter of the late Jas. Sords, Esq., Galway.

FOLEY—Aug. 12, at his residence, Aughs, Nurney, county Carlow, John Foley.

WATT—Aug. 13, at No. 6 Primrose street, Dublin, Sarah Mary, the third daughter of the late David Watt, aged 16 years.

CROWLEY—Aug. 8, at Watergate Bandon, Mrs. Catherine Crowley, aged 60 years, relict of the late Wm. Crowley.

CORBET—Aug. 12, at his residence, No. 23 Harcourt street, Dublin, Charles Grace Corbet, S E, Ballykaneen, Queen's county

MCDONNELL—Aug. 11, at Ballygar, county Galway, Maria McDonnell, in her 72d year.

MAY—Aug. 11, at 130 Steven's green, Dublin, Agnes Gretta, wife of Theodore Charles May, late of Parsonstown, aged 51 years.

KENEFICK—Aug. 12, at the residence of her son, Larne Harbour, Johannah, widow of the late Mr. Kenefick, Ross House, county Mayo.

TAYLOR—Aug. 10, at Beltra, Leinster road, West, Rathmines, Miss Jane Bagwell Taylor, aged 85 years, only daughter of the late Capt. John Taylor, of Bower, Caithness, and of Broca, county Mayo.

BYRNE—Aug. 10, at the residence of his mother, 53 Main street, Clonmel, William John, only son of Mrs. Marianne Byrne.

O'RIORDAN—Aug. 13, Daniel O'Connell O Riordan, Q C, J. P., county Cork.

MCCABE—Aug. 15, at his residence, Brunswick Villa, Dublin, Patrick McCabe aged 78 years.

NAISH—Aug. 17, at Ems, Germany, the Right Hon. Lord Justice Naish, ex lord chancellor of Ireland, aged 49 years.

GANNON—Aug. 12, at Laragh, county Kildare, Patricia Mary, daughter of the late Nicholas J Gannon, J. P.

CREAN—Aug. 10, at Ballyhaunis, Fanny Mary, dearly beloved wife of C. E. Crean.

O'BRIEN—Aug. 16 at his residence Rockfield, Glasthule, Michael O'Brien, aged 50 years.

DELANEY—Aug. 14, at her residence, Main street, Enniderry, Ellie, only surviving daughter of the late P. J. Delaney.

HETHERD—Aug. 12, at his residence, Killarney, William Charles Hetherd, aged 50 years.

DALE—Aug. 11, at Riverview, Sunday's Well, Cork, Edward Dale, aged 75 years.

DELANY—Aug. 10, at his residence, Midleton, Martin Delany.

RYAN—Aug. 8, at Upper Aghada, John, eldest son of Edward Ryan, Northcliffe, Blackrock, aged 18 years.

WILLIAMS—Aug. 8, at the residence of her son, Inniscarra, Sarah, relict of the late John Williams, aged 91 years.

WHITE—Aug. 9, at her residence, Dunfort, Midleton, Mary, wife of Patrick White.

WALSH—Aug 5, at her residence, 56 Grattan street, Cork, Mary, wife of Michael Walsh, aged 68 years.

MURPHY—Aug. 6, Michael, second son of Timothy Murphy, Victualler, Midleton, aged 38 years.

KEANY—At Tebawn, Dowra, Co. Cavan, Joan Keany, aged 74 years, father of the Rev. Timothy Keany, Lower Drumreilly.

KELLY—Aug. 11, at Whitehall, Finglas road, Elizabeth, widow of William Kelly, Dublin, and daughter of the late George Watson, J. P., of Garry Kennedy, county Tipperary.

SHANAHAN—At the Hospice, Haroldscross, William Shanahan, son of Martin Shanahan, late of Castlestown Geoghegan, county Westmeath.

HUNT—Aug. 12, Thomas Hunt, aged 36 years, son of the late Thomas Hunt, Rockmount, county Waterford.

GARTLAN—July 20, at the Convent, San Luis Potosi, Mexico, Mabel, member of the Community of the Sacred Heart, youngest daughter of the late Thomas McEvoy Gartlan, of Moynalty, Co. Meath.

AN ENGINEER IN LUCK.

He Draws $5,000 and Invests in a Home.

Mr. John G. Lowrey, who resides at 2304 S. Eleventh street, and occupies the position of chief engineer on the Anchor Line steamboat City of Providence has just received the sum of $5,000, collected through the American Express Co. from The Louisiana State Lottery. Mr. Lowrey held one twentieth of ticket No. 32,794, which drew the second capital prize of $100,000 in the July drawing. A representative of the *Critic* called upon Mr. Lowrey at his home, but finding that gentleman not in he questioned Mrs. Lowrey as to what disposition her husband would make of the lucky sum and was informed that he intended to at once invest in a nice comfortable home. She remarked that "her husband had purchased many tickets and had frequently drawn small sums, but never before in the thousands." He was, of course, elated over his success and fortunately knew how to handle it judiciously. "I have just received a ticket myself," remarked Mrs. Lowrey, "and hope soon to see my name in print as one of the fortunate winners."—*St. Louis (Mo) Critic, Aug. 9.*

A GRAND COMBINATION.

Fast Time, Perfect Comfort, Absolute Safety.

These are the inducements offered the traveling public by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, one of the youngest and beyond dispute one of the best railways upon the continent. Its Vestibuled Compartment Sleeping Cars, run on through trains, are marvels of elegance, and add to beauty and luxury perfect ventilation, making them the most desirable at all seasons of the year. The Dining Car service is fully up to the best standard, and the entire equipment of the trains of this road is new. W. R Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Home Seekers' Excursion Tickets

via the Wisconsin Central to all principal points in the Northwest including St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, will be on sale April 22, May 20, Sept. 9 and 25, and Oct. 14, at the rate of one fare for the round trip, at the City Ticket Office of the Wisconsin Central, No. 205 Clark street, and at the Grand Central Passenger Station, Harrison street and Fifth avenue, also at all the leading hotels

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 9:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galigan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2934 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cushman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dearborn sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2926 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 25th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2549 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomucuk Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence 296 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 285 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, C. S. P., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 384 Ashland av.

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Metregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St. John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 496 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M.—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Huribut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 224 Huribut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Berguron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 163 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Raths, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. R. Thiele, pastor. Residence 333 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara Mcshane, pastor; Residence 381 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. B. Dolwick, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 209 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, C. S., pastor Residence 1408 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave. bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a m; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 8 p m. Rev. G. D. Heldmann, pastor. Residence 3919 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—364 Oakwood Boulevard Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Clement Vens, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josaphat's Church—Belden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. K. Kozlowski, pastor. Residence 128 Southport av.

St. Adelbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Radziejowski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st.

STATE CONVENTIONS.

Tickets Nominated by Republicans and Democrats.

A TRIBUTE TO FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

Indiana Democrats Nominate Claude Matthews for Secretary of State—Mayor Peck Heads the Democratic Ticket in Wisconsin and Michigan Republicans Select James M. Turner as Their Standard Bearer—Synopsis of the Platforms.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 28.—The Democratic convention was called to order in Tomlinson hall at 10 o'clock Thursday morning by Chairman Jewett of the state committee, who immediately announced ex Governor Isaac Gray as chairman. Thirteen hundred and three delegates occupied seats on the floor, while the lobbies and galleries were filled with a larger crowd of D mocrats than has been gathered together in this state for many years. Governor Gray, on taking the chair, spoke for over an hour, dealing principally with state issues. His reference to ex-President Cleveland was received with tremendous applause. A resolution was adopted to make the state central committee a permanent body, elected every two years on St. Jackson's day, Jan. 8. The first ballot for secretary of state resulted: Claude Matthews, 583; Clark, 152½; Hillegoss, 8?7; Lee, 218½; McLain, 12.

Matthews Nominated.

Before the second ballot Clark and McLain were withdrawn. On the second ballot Claude Matthews received 834 votes and on motion of his chief opponent the nomination was made unanimous. Mr. Matthews is the most extensive farmer in Indiana and his nomination is something of a tribute to the Farmers' alliance.

The other nominations were as follows: for state treasurer, Albert Gall, of Indianapolis; for auditor of state, J. O. Henderson, of Howard county; for Judge of supreme court, Joseph A. Mitchell, of Elkhart county.

The Platform.

The platform, which is very long, was received with great enthusiasm. On national subjects it says:

"We, the Democracy of Indiana, in convention assembled for the first time since the memorable contest of 1888, when we went down in defeat, but not dishonor, overcome by the shameless methods of Dudleyism and the blocks of five, do solemnly declare:

"That the Democratic vote of Indiana was obtained for Harrison and Morton by the most flagrant crimes against the ballot-box ever perpetrated in an American commonwealth; that these crimes were committed under the direct auspices of William Wade Dudley, then and now treasurer of the national Republican committee, and by the procurement and connivance of Republican leaders in this state and the nation; that the administration of Benjamin Harrison has made itself an accessory after the fact to those crimes by shielding the criminals from punishment and even by rewarding them for their knavery; and that the brazen prostitution of the machinery of the government court of the Foruth district of Indiana by its judge and attorney to the service and protection of these conspirators against the suffrage constitutes the most infamous chapter in the judicial annals of the republic.

"We denounce the tariff monopolists for their efforts to perpetuate themselves in power by measures inconsistent with free institutions and contrary to good morals. We find in the force election bill, the bill creating rotten-borough states, and the McKinley tariff bill the open manifestation of a gigantic conspiracy of the minority to oppress a groaning people with additional burdens of taxation for private benefits and to fasten it on the country in such a way that the people can not free themselves from the galling load."

The platform denounces the election bill passed by the house, which, it declares, would nullify the Andrews election law now in force in Indiana. It indorses the acts of the last legislature, indorses the course of Senators Voorhees and Turpie, and favors the abandonment ot the system of fees and perquisites in the payment of state and county officers.

CHOSE PECK FOR LEADER.

Wisconsin Democrats Nominate Him for Governor.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Aug. 28.—The Democratic state convention held here Wednesday excelled in point of attendance and enthusiasm any similar event in which the Democracy of this state ever participated. It was held in the Bijou Opera house, which was packed at every session from parquet to gallery. J. M. Morrow, of Sparta, presided. Four men were put in nomination for governor: George W. Peck, Gabe Bouck, William F. Bailey, and Col. John W. Knight. It took six ballots to decide the question and resulted in favor of Peck. Mr. Peck was sent for, and being found in a remarkable short time, made an addres in which he pleged himself to be a valiant warrior of Democracy and do all in his power to deserve the honor which had been paid to him.

After the jubilee occasioned by Peck's speech had subsided the convention got down to business again and nominated a lieutenant governor. There were only two candidates in the field—Carl Jonas, of Racine, and Thomas Lynch, of Antigo. The first ballot resulted in the choice of Jonas by a vote of 186 to 121. Mr. Jonas was formerly consul at Prague and has held many offices in his own county. The convention then adjourned until 9 o'clock Thursday morning.

The Platform on the Bennett Law.

The platform is thoroughly Democratic on national issues and has the following on the Bennett law: "The Bennett law is a local manifestation of the settled Republican policy of paternalism. Favoring laws providing for the compulsory attendance at school of all children, we believe that the school law in force prior to the passage of the Bennett law guaranteed to all children of the state opportunity for education, and in this essential feature was stronger than the Bennett law. The 'underlying principle' of the Bennett law is needless interference with paternal rights and liberty of conscience. The provisions for its enforcement place the accused at the mercy of the school directors, and deny his right to trial by jury and according to the law of the land. To mask this tyrannical invasion of individual and constitutional rights, the shallow plea of defense of the English language is advanced. The history of this state, largely peopled with foreign-born citizens demonstrates the fact that natural causes and the necessities of the situation are advancing the growth of the English language to the greatest possible extent. We, therefore, denounce that law as unnecessary, unwise, unconstitutional, unamerican, and undemocratic, and demand its repeal."

The Balance of the Ticket.

The convention reassembled shortly after 9 o'clock Thursday morning and after nominating the balance of the state ticket adjourned. The following is the balance of the ticket: Secretary of state, Thomas J. Cunningham, Chippewa Falls; state treasurer, John Hunner, Eau Claire; attorney general, James L. O'Conner, Madison; state superintendent, C. E. Wells, Appleton; railroad commissioner, Thomas Thompson, Trempealeau; insurance commissioner, W. M. Root, Sheboygan.

MICHIGAN REPUBLICANS.

James M. Turner, of Lansing, Nominated for Governor.

DETROIT, Mich., Aug. 28.—At 8:45 Thursday morning the temporary chairman, Van Zile rapped the Republican state convention to order. After prayer the chairman of the committee on credentials reported. The committee on organization announced Hon. Austin Blair as permanent chairman, and James Vankleck, of Bay City, permanent secretary. Chairman Blair made a brief speech on taking the chair. The platform was then read. Applause followed the routine praise of the Harrison administration, and the silver plank was received by silence. Otherwise the document was received in a perfunctory way. Nomination of candidates for governer being in order, John Holbrook, of Ingham, presented the name of James M. Turner, of Lansing, and Judge Moore, of Lapeer, nominated John T. Rich, of Elba. Turner received the nomination on the first ballot.

Synopsis of the Platform.

The platform commends Harrison's administration, the course of Speaker Reed and that of the senators and representatives of Michigan in congress; declares for a free ballot and fair count; indorses the silver bill and Governor Luce's administration. Changes in the state tax laws are favored so as to have all property not exempted bear the burden equally. Commends the course of the party in temperance legislation, and reaffirms the position of the party as expressed in previous platforms on the temperance question; opposes the issue of free passes to members of the legislature and all other public officers, and urges the passage of laws inflicting heavy penalties for the acceptance or ofference of passes. The tariff plank favors such revision of our national tariff laws that will protect producers, laborers and farmers against ruinous competitions of foreign productions and cheaper labor, and especially commends those features of the McKinley bill which provide for the protection of farm products as well as manufactured articles.

South Dakota Republicans.

MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 28.—The Journal's Mitchell, S. D., special says: The Republican state convention reassembled Thursday morning. The committee on resolutions reported and there was a small row over the prohibition plank, but it was finally adopted. The platform indorses Harrison's administration and Governor Mellette, pledges the party to all measures that will develop agricultural resources, asks the government to assist in the establishment of irrigation, demands an expansion of the currency to meet the demands of an increasing population, favors protection against ruinous foreign competion, indorses the disability pension bill and the Australian ballot system, and pledges the party to a strict inforcement of the prohibitory law now in force.

The convention nominated Governor Mellette and Congressman Pickler and substituted John Gamble, of Yankton, for Congressman Gifford.

Nebraska Prohibitionists.

LINCOLN, Neb., Aug. 28.—The third party Prohibition state convention met in this city Wednesday. The afternoon was spent in listening to short addresses from noted Prohibition orators. In the evening the convention was addressed by Mrs. Clara Hoffman, president of the Missouri Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Upon reassembling Thursday Dr. D. L. Plaine, of Lincoln, was nominated for governor by acclamation; George W. Woodby, a colored man, was unanimously chosen for lieutenant governor; Charles Watts, for secretary of state; A. Fitch, Jr., for auditor; H. W. Hardy, for state treasurer; Judge F. P. Wigton, for attorney general; C. Olsen, for commissioner, and Mrs. Mary R. Morgan, for state superintendent of schools.

Idaho Democratic Convention.

BOISE CITY, Idaho, Aug. 28.—The Democratic state convention completed its ticket Wednesday as follows: Secretary of state, E. A. Sherwin, of Shoshone; auditor, J. B. Wickersham, of Owyhie; treasurer, T. A. Reagan, of Ada; attorney general, R. H. Johnson; superintendent of public instruction, M. A. Kelly, of Nezperces; just ces of the supreme court, C. N. Maxwell of Nezperces, F. A. Ensign of Alturas, and H. W. Weir, of Ada. The convention then adjourned.

Renominated to Congress.

DANVILLE, Ills., Aug. 29.—Congressman Joseph G. Cannon was renominated for congress by the Republicans of the Fifteenth district Thursday.

Henry George Returns.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—Henry George reached here early Monday morning by the steamer Servia. Delegates from the Single Tax club met Mr. George at the pier and extended him a cordial welcome. In addition to the appointed delegates a large number of Single Tax men marched in a body to meet their chief. As soon as Mr. George was seen on the bridge the Single Tax men sent up a cheer of welcome. Mr. George informed his friends that he felt tried after his voyage and needed a few hours' rest. Mr. George was present at the conference of the Single Tax men in the afternoon.

A Pearl Worth $3,000.

GALENA, Ills., Sept. 1.—A pearl weighing forty grains and valued at $3,000 has become the subject of a law suit at Argyle, Wis., just across the Illinois line. The gem was discovered in a part of the Pecatonica river that had been leased by a certain party who sets up a claim to a half share in it, which the fellows who found the pearl refuse to allow. Hence the suit.

Nominated to Congress.

CHICAGO, Sept. 1.—Allan C. Durborow was nominated for congress by the Democrats of the Third Illinois district Monday.

LABOR'S BIG HOLIDAY.

How It Was Observed in the Different Cities.

TWO PARADES IN NEW YORK CITY.

Business Suspended and the City Given Over to the Enjoyment of the Toilers—The Parades Followed by Picnics—Chicago Also Has Two Different Parades—How the Day Was Spent at Boston and Elsewhere.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—The general appearance of the streets Monday would have been like Sunday were it not for the numerous bodies of workingmen making their way through the streets with bands to join one of the two parades with which Labor Day was celebrated. Almost every store, and all public buildings, banks, etc., were closed. The day was perfect for a holiday, the weather being clear and cool. The interest of the vast numbers of spectators which began gathering on the sidewalks from early morning was divided between two labor parades and two labor picnics. This was the first time in the history of the day that labor in this city has been in such a disorganized condition that members of various labor factions were not willing to forget personalities and animosities and join hands in the celebration of organized labor's special holiday.

The Central Labor Union.

This year, as in past years, the Central Labor union took the lead in organising unions of this city for the parade and picnic. In its procession were five divisions of the federation of labor unions and six of the trade districts and local assemblies of the Knights of Labor. Other unions and Knights of Labor strikers of the Central also joined the parade at the last moment in a division by themselves. The procession moved principally on the west side of the city to Union square, where it was reviewed by prominent labor leaders.

Central Labor Federation.

The parade of the Central Labor federation was on the east side. The Cloakmakers union had the right of the line and Professor T. H. Garside lead the cloakers as marshal. About 4,000 paraded. This parade was divided into five sections and consisted of organizations designated under the heads of clothing trades, food producers, tobacco workers, building trades, and miscellaneous sections. Both parades were followed by picnics with speaking, athletic games, etc. Several of the theaters gave special labor day matinees and numerous programs of sports of various kinds were arranged by local organizations.

THE DAY ELSEWHERE.

A Procession and Picnic at Cincinnati—Ten Thousand in Line.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 1.—The trades and labor organizations of the city made great preparations for celebrating the day in a grand street parade and picnic. All of the courts were closed, and many factories suspended work to allow the employes an opportunity to take part in the parade. At 10 o'clock fully 10,000 wage-workers assembled at Garfield place and formed in line, headed by a band of music and three companies of the city police department, under command of Superintendent Deitrich. The line of march was through the principal down-town streets, thence to the hill tops, where the afternoon and evening was devoted to a grand picnic. Representative John P. Green, of Cleveland, author of the bill making the first Monday in September a legal holiday, was the orator of the day and delivered an address at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

The Day at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Sept. 1.—Fully 30,000 marched to the music of the cause of labor in Chicago. The main parade and picnic was under the joint auspices of the Chicago Trade and Labor assembly and the Central Labor union. The Knights of Labor assemblies marched 5,000 or 6,000 strong by themselves. In addition to the eight-hour day banners carried by all the divisions the carpenters carried the motto: "Strike To-Morrow for American Fair Play." A number of the directors of the world's fair, the mayor and aldermen, judges, and other dignitaries occupied the reviewing stand.

Knights Did Not Turn Out.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 1.—Labor Day was fittingly celebrated in this city by a street parade of about 7,000 men in the forenoon, and a mass meeting of workingmen with their families in the Allegheny parks in the afternoon. The mass meeting was addressed by various orators of local prominence. The Knights of Labor organizations were offended because they were not officially invited to participate and did not turn out.

At the Quaker City.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 1.—Labor Day was celebrated in a befitting manner. While it is not generally recognized as a holiday, many business houses, banks, mills and factories were closed and the people employed in them attended the various celebrations.

St. Paul Firemen Injured.

ST. PAUL, Sept. 1.—At 6:15 Monday morning a fire was ignited in a kitchen of a house on Hamson street, where a gasoline stove was used, and the department called to put it out. While the firemen were in the room endeavoring to smother the spreading of the flames, the gasoline stove exploded and seriously burned four of the firemen. Lieut. Hynes was badly burned and will probably die; Second Assistant Cook burned, will probably be disfigured for life; Truckman McArthur and Capt. Conway slightly burned and bruised.

Result of a Daughter's Waywardness.

BRADFORD, Pa., Sept. 1.—Mrs. J. R. McKenzie, of Duke Centre, McKean county, Pa., committed suicide by cutting her throat with a razor during the parade of the G. A. R. Friday. The cause assigned was despondency over a wayward daughter, who is an inmate of a colored house of prostitution in this city.

Rather Unfortunate for Curres.

CAIRO, Ills., Sept. 1.—Charles Curres, a negro, received an order Friday morning to report to Col. John Wood, postmaster, for duty in the railway mail service. Curres is not likely to get the place, for he is in jail here for the murder of Doc Brooks, another negro, at Hodges Park, last Saturday night.

ALL SERENE AT CHIGAGO.

Work Progressing at the Stock Yards—The Alton Strikers Return.

CHICAGO, Ills., Aug. 29.—Excepting the trouble on the Chicago and Alton road, the switchmen's strike is about over. Work was resumed in the usual order and more than the ordinary volume on all roads Friday morning. The delayed business of the last few days was being put in shape as rapidly as possible, and by Saturday night there will not be a visible reminder of the great tie-up which two days ago threatened the Chicago railroads. Most of the striking switchmen at the stock yards and the ex-employes of the switching association generally resumed work, being given employment by the different railroad companies, which will hereafter do the yard's switching under a new arrangement.

The Police Withdrawn.

Manager Chappell of the Alton has so far relented that he agreed to meet a committee of the strikers on his road at his office. He said that if the men would join the union and obey its orders he would give them back such of their places as had not been already filled with new men. The special and regular police force was withdrawn Friday morning from all the railroad yards except the Alton.

The Men Return to Work.

LATER.—Officers of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid association held a two hours' conference with General Manager Chappell, at the end of which all the strikers returned to work. The men agreed not to in any way molest any one hired to take their places and in the future before taking hasty action to proceed under the rules of the Swithmen's association and the advice and direction of Mr. Sweeney, the chief of that organization. The men also agreed not to dictate to the company in the matter of hiring, discharging or promoting its men. The company granted the right at all times of appeal for redress of grievances and signified its willingness so far as it could consistently to promote its yardmasters, assistant yardmasters and other officers from the ranks.

Handling Freight Without Delay.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—A special to The Herald from Pittsburg says the Pennsylvania Railroad company, and the Pennsylvania company are now delivering freight to the New York Central. These roads refused freight from New York Central points for some time after the inauguration of the strike on the ground that it could not be handled without delay. The fact that these roads are again receiving and forwarding cars to the Central is an indication that this road is handling freight without much delay.

WOULDN'T WHOOP IT UP.

Indians Strike Because Their Supply of Whisky It Cut Off.

DETROIT, Mich., Sept. 1.—Of all the strikes that ever took place Detroit has the queerest. A lot of Indians from the upper peninsula are employed to give their war whoops and generally disport themselves as Indian braves at so much per diem and keeping. They objected Friday morning to giving two exhibitions a day, and took off their war paint and feathers. It was soon learned that the real cause of the strike was not the giving of exhibitions, but the cutting off of the supply of fire water. They were allowed three square drinks of whisky the first two days and then the supply was lopped off altogether. They kicked, and would not give another whoop unless their demands were complied with. The strike was settled by resuming the drinks, and the Indians now get three drinks per diem—about a quart each.

Prairie Fires in North Dakota.

MINNEAPOLIS, Sept. 1.—The Journal's Dickenson, N. D., special says: A widespread and destructive prairie fire ravaged hundreds of thousands of acres along the Little Missouri river two or three days ago about forty miles from the main line of the Northern Pacific railroad. The great range of the H. T. Cattle company was swept clear. The fire was put out by means of horses which were killed for the purpose of using them as drags to extinguish the flames. The horses were split up the back and the carcasses dragged over the country by long ropes. Twelve hundred head of horses were stampeded to the four winds.

Fatal Duel in Germany.

BERLIN, Sept. 1.—A fatal duel was fought Friday between Lieuts. von Forstner and Von Trenk in the forest of Perleberg. The weapons were pistols and the intention of the combatants was to fight until one of them was killed. In the first exchange of shots Lieut. von Trenk was wounded in the breast, and in the second a bullet passed through his heart, killing him instantly. Lieut. von Forstner is still doing duty as adjutant of the Thirty-fifth infantry.

Labor in Demand in Colorado.

DENVER, Colo., Sept. 1.—Railroad construction in Colorado is greatly retarded through the inability of the companies to secure labor. The Denver and Rio Grande is the greatest sufferer. The officials of the road say they can give employment to from 5,000 to 8,000 men on these works at $2 per day, and the work is so located as to admit of working all winter. The several ditch companies and smaller corporations are equally if not greater sufferers.

Combination in Window Glass.

PITTBURG, Pa., Sept. 1.—It is announced here that a combination of window-glass manufacturers has been effected. The company will control the output of all window-glass factories in the western and northern districts immediately, and all the factories in the United States ultimately.

Union Pacific Statement.

BOSTON, Sept. 1.—The Union Pacific railroad statement for July (preliminary) shows: Gross earning, $3,837,362; increase, $263,734; net earnings, $1,612,772; increase, $11,421. For seven months to July 31, gross, $28,736,111; increase, $3,361,137; net, $7,351,348; increase, $69,689.

Postponed the Trip.

WASHINGTON CITY, Sept. 1.—Private Secretary Halford said Monday morning that there was so much important public business requiring the president's attention that he had determined to postpone his trip to Cresson, Pa., until the latter part of the week.

Incendiaries at Canton, Ills.

CANTON, Ills., Sept. 1.—There were six incendiary fires here Sunday night. Only two succeeded. Four stables and some small buildings and the Toledo, Peoria and Western railroad stockyard buildings were burned.

HURT IN RUNAWAY CARS

Similar Accidents at Joliet and Davenport.

A LIST OF THE INJURED PEOPLE.

Both Accidents Occur on Electric Railroads and Are Caused by the Cars Getting Beyond the Control of Those Having Them in Charge—A Disaster on the Northern Pacific Results in the Loss of Two Lives—Other Mishaps.

JOLIET, Sept. 2.—The pleasant observance of the holiday was marred here by a frightful accident. On the way to the grounds, when midway up Morgan Hill, one of the trailers to an electric street car came uncoupled and sped down hill at a terrific speed. Men, women and children leaped off and a number were seriously injured. Those seriously hurt are: Miss Josie Caul, ugly cut and bruises on head, neck and back; Miss Mary Caul, cut and internally injured; Mrs. Henry Beck, internal injuries; August Bischman, arm badly sprained and head cut.

It Might Have Been Worse.

Those who jumped from the car spun and rolled around after they fell on the ground. Mrs. Beck had her baby in her arms when she jumped off, but the child was not hurt. She was carried unconscious into a house near by. The two Caul sisters are most seriously hurt. The curve where the car ran off is but one street back of the bluff. Had the car not stopped by crashing into the gutter and upon the sidewalk it might have gone over the bluff and killed all on board. There were three heavily loaded trailers. The street car officials lay the blame to a broken brake.

A Similar Accident at Davenport.

DAVENPORT, Iowa, Sept. 2.—Monday afternoon a heavily laden car on the electric line became unmanageable on a steep grade, ran to the bottom, encountered a freight train and was wrecked. A number of people were hurt in jumping, and William C. Preston, principal of one of the city schools, was instantly killed, his skull being crushed.

WRECK ON THE UNION PACIFIC.

Two Persons Killed Outright and Several Others Injured.

HOT SPRINGS, Wash., Sept. 2.—A terrible accident occurred on the Northern Pacific Monday evening, four miles from Eagle gorge. Two persons were killed and eleven others injured. The east-bound passenger, No. 2, was thrown from the track by a broken rail, and the mail, express, and baggage cars, smoker, emigrant car and two coaches were thrown from the track. The names of the killed are: Ben Young, umpire of the Northwest league; J. D. Keppler, of Red Bluff, Cal. The names of those injured are: E. W. Healy and wife, Tracy, Minn.; Mrs. Dr. A. H. Fowler, Holyoke, Mass.; V. G. Frost, Ellensburg; E. T. Furniss, Tacoma; Judd Randall, Glenville, Minn.; George Brahsky, Spokane Falls; R. S. Campbell, Oregon; G. H. Woodson, a tourist; George E. Purple, Edgemoor, Mich. Physicians were sent from Ellensburg, and a special train brought the wounded to this city.

Sad End of a Picnic.

FOND DU LAC, Wis., Sept. 2.—A party of Fond du Lac young people had a picnic at the ledge east of this city Sunday. They were returning about 7 o'clock, when the driver lost control of the horses and they ran down a very steep hill. The omnibus was overthrown and wrecked. The injured were: Miss Carrie Abel, head badly cut and body bruised; Miss Rose Abel, wrist sprained; Miss Minnie Hamburger, leg and arm wrenched, and seriously bruised; Charles Kayser, wrist and ankle dislocated.

Ran into a Hand-Car.

STERLING, Ills., Sept. 2.—Late Saturday night a freight train on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railway struck a hand car operated by F. Werres, Henry Jordon and George Miller, railway employes, killing the first two instantly and injuring Miller so badly that he died Monday. The engine's headlight had not been lighted, and the men were not aware that the train was approaching until it struck them.

Explosion at a Blast Furnace.

JOLIET, Ill., Sept. 2.—Blast furnace No. 2 at the rolling mills again exploded Monday night, causing a small earthquake in Joliet. There were three terrific detonation that shook the buildings throughout the city. The explosion was caused by a worn-out lining. One employe had his head horribly cut and an eye put out.

Shot His Brother by Accident.

UNIONVILLE, Mo., Sept. 2.—Monday morning Henry and Theodore Grubl, aged 10 and 7 years, were out hunting with a target rifle. The former stumbled and discharged the gun into his brother's back, killing him instantly. The parents had purchased the gun as a present on Friday last.

Knocked Off a Car and Killed.

FAIRFIELD, Ia., Sept. 2.—A well dressed young man about 25 years old was knocked from the top of a Chicago, Burlington and Quincy baggage car by a bridge near here Sunday night and killed. Papers on his person indicate that he was Harry T. Smith, of St. Louis.

Child Bitten by a Rattlesnake.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Sept. 2.—The 5-year-old son of Joseph Biederman was bitten by an enormous rattlesnake Sunday. The child was given a quart of whisky with no perceptible effect and will probably die. The snake was killed and measured eight feet.

Terrible Accident at New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 2.—The Schedarts building, four stories, corner Canal and Dauphin streets, fell at half-past 11 o'clock Tuesday morning. Several men were in the building, and it is reported that ten men were killed by falling timbers.

Frank Collier Free.

CHICAGO, Sept. 2.—Frank Collier, the lawyer, was released on a writ of habeas corpus Monday, on the ground that an order committing him to the custody of the sheriff instead of sending him to the detention hospital had not been entered for record.

Fatal Railway Wreck.

PARIS, Sept. 2.—A train was derailed near Arrens in the department of Creuse Monday. Seventeen carriages were wrecked and several people killed and injured.

COOLNESS SAVED HIS LIFE.

Gen. Barrundia's Daughter Threatens to Shoot Minister Mizner.

CITY OF GUATEMALA, Sept. 2.—A daughter of Gen. Martin Barrundia, who was shot to death in the cabin of the Pacific Mail steamship Acapulco at San Jose de Guatemala last week, attempted to shoot United States Minister Mizner Monday.

LANSING B. MIZNER.

Mr. Mizner was at his desk when the young woman came into his office. As the minister looked up from his work she was standing within four feet of him with a revolver in her hand. With flashing eyes she accused him of having been directly the cause of her father's death and announced that she meant to kill him. Mr. Mizner took the matter coolly and tried to reason with the girl, who was apparently almost crazed with excitement, and in the most tragic manner poured on him the bitterest invective of which the Spanish language is capable.

Will Not Prosecute the Lady.

The intended victim kept her in conversation, however, until assistance arrived and the pistol was taken from the woman. Throughout the entire exciting interview Mr. Mizner maintained the utmost coolness, though the only thing between him and the muzzle of a pistol held in the hands of a woman who evidently intended to shoot was a heavy law book. His coolness unquestionably saved his life. As soon as President Barillas heard of the occurrence he sent his respects and offered the powers of his government to protect the American legation. Mr. Mizner, however, delined the offer, will not prosecute the lady, and insists that no further notice shall be taken of the affair.

UPSET THE STEAMER.

Close Call for a Horror at a Game of Base Ball.

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 2.—An exciting spectacle terminated the ball game at Riverside park Monday afternoon. Just as the game was concluded the crowd made a rush for the little steamer Dan H. Smith, that lay moored near the park ready to carry passengers to this side of the river. Men and boys climbed by the score upon the hurricane deck of the tiny propeller, while the cabin and lower deck were soon closely packed. The captain and deck hands warned the crowd back, but they continued to press upon the upper works of the vessel until it was well away from the landing.

Thrown into the Water.

None of the passengers seemed to realise their danger until the boat had swung clear of the wharf; then they became panic-stricken, for it at once began to settle over until the side was dipping in the water. The yells of those on board were taken up by the crowd on shore as the little boat turned over on its side. A moment later a sea of bobbing heads appeared in the water and the victims frantically struggled to reach the shore only a few yards away. There were exciting scenes for some time, but it is believed that all of the 100 passengers escaped. The steamer now lies submerged in ten feet of water.

Convicts Vs. a Prison Warden.

BOSTON, Sept. 2.—In the "block," or "Fort Russell," the place of solitary confinement in the Massachusetts state prison, there are twenty-five or thirty men who are charged with violating the rules of the institution. They are supposed to be separated from the outside world and no communication whatever. Yesterday evening there came to The [illegible] office a long letter, written on [illegible] wrapping paper and signed by thirteen of these men. The letter makes charges against the warden, who is declared incompetent. It is also stated that he is given to heavy punishments for trifling offenses and an investigation of the matter is asked.

He Fooled the Janitor.

FORT DODGE, Iowa, Sept. 2.—Will Allison made a daring escape from here Monday. Allison was confined in an iron cell in the county jail, charged with attempting to commit murder. When Janitor Preston carried his breakfast to the prisoner he found Allison wrapped up in the bed clothing apparently sound asleep and snoring vigorously. Preston walked across the room to reach the table, leaving his keys in the door. Like a flash Allison jumped from the bed and went out of the door. He stopped long enough to lock the door securely, shutting in the janitor, and made his escape, walking out of the jail unconcerned and disappearing.

Married a Colored Man.

MONTICELLO, Ills., Sept. 2.—Frank Randolph (colored) and Miss Mary E. Burroughs (white) made a lively sensation here Monday. They arrived on the morning train from Champaign and proceeded to the office of the county clerk, A. L. Rogers, and procured a marriage license. They went before Judge Daniel Slickle and were united in marriage. They feared trouble in Champaign and came here. A crowd of curiosity seekers witnessed the ceremony. The bride and groom formerly lived in Chicago.

Social Scientists in Session.

SARATOGA, N. Y., Sept. 2.—The general meeting of the American Social Science association began here Monday and will continue until Friday evening. Some of the most able, profound and advanced thinkers of the nation will read papers and discuss them. The president of the association, the Hon. Andrew White, of Ithaca, N. Y., gave the opening address in recognition of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the association.

A Debauch Ends in a Tragedy.

STOCKTON, Cal., Sept. 2.—News reaches here from West Point, a mining town in Calaveras county of a probable double murder and suicide in that place on Friday night last. A man named Gallagher fatally shot his wife, killed his son and then committed suicide. Gallagher had been drinking heavily of late and committed the crime because of his wife's refusal to give him money to continue his debauch.

Soon Tired of Turner.

FINDLAY, O., Sept. 2.—The young wife of O. B. Turner, a photographer, has eloped with Charles Sinclair, who boarded at the same place. Turner and his wife were married last Wednesday. He has followed the couple to Toledo, vowing vengeance.

THE CITIZEN.

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CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 6, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"The Charity Ball."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"Bluebeard, Jr."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"The County Fair."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Primrose & West's Minstrels.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"Hearts of Oak."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Milton Nobles.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison.—Agnes Herndon.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

OUR SURLY NORTHERN NEIGHBOR.

It would be much better for the Canadians, if not for ourselves, to be peacefully, or otherwise, annexed to this country. Canada can hardly be called a monarchy; neither is she a republic. In a political sense, she is neither fish, flesh, fowl or good red herring. She is, in fact, a hybrid, and a restless one at that. As a nation, we have enough territory, but Canada has resources that American commercial genius would speedily develop. If not a great country now, Canada is certainly "the making" of a great country. Her conduct toward America of late days has been very bad. Sir John McDonald, her Tory prime minister, seems bent on provoking a quarrel with our government. He would not venture on such a course unless he had the backing of Lord Salisbury's administration. If Canada keeps at her present irritating policy much longer, American patience will become exhausted.

The New York *Tribune*, which may be described as a conservative organ of American public opinion, in a recent issue says: "It has taken this country seven years to make up its mind that these irritating conditions are designed. The absence of any reasonable motive for them, and the manifest certainty that retaliation must involve the heaviest hardships upon Canada, have led our statesmen to suppose that there must be some mistake about the matter somewhere, and that time would adjust things comfortably. But time has only aggravated them. Time has merely increased Canadian aggression and sharpened the tone of Canadian hostility. Sticking to the letter of an old treaty, the commonest offices of refuge are denied to American vessels putting into Canadian ports in distress. Our ships, scores of them, have been arbitrarily seized on pretenses which, if allowed, would justify piracy. Our fur properties, which we have spent many years and vast sums of money in promoting and defending, are raided and destroyed by means that are utterly indefensible, even if the act itself were honest; and whenever we succeed in getting within hailing distance of a satisfactory international agreement for their protection Canada steps in between us and England and prevents the treaty. While these dangerous controversies are maintained the Canadian railroads, aided by customs laws which Sir John Macdonald is permitted to modify at pleasure, are conducting a lively traffic warfare upon our lines, serenely careless of the fact that they have obtained their opportunity to do so from the good natured favor of America. If there is any sagacity in this policy it is deeply hidden. Only one result, if it be persisted in much longer, is possible. It must lead to non-intercourse and then to sharper trouble. Is this what Sir John has been seeking for his country? Is this the object of his statecraft?"

THE CITIZEN believes that both Macdonald and Salisbury are idiotic enough to suppose that England and Canada can outfight America. The English and Canadian Tories are very like the slaveholders "before the wah" in their opinion of "Yankee" prowess. They believe, or affect to believe, that one red coat is more than a match for three or four of our boys in blue. They forget the conflict of 1812-15. They forget Lake Erie, Lake Champlain and New Orleans. They forget that 10,000 American soldiers conquered Mexico. They forget that the American army has stood more killing, without running, than any other army of the world. Chickamauga, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House and Cold Harbor will attest this fact to the end of time. America is grand in peace, but she is magnificent, both North and South, in war. As a house divided against herself, she kept, counting both sections, nearly 2,000,000 of men in the field. Think of what a battering ram our forty-four states, all united, would be today! Those Tory "statesmen" must certainly be mad. They pride themselves on their fleet. Read what a recent issue of the New York *Herald*, generally opposed to war with foreign powers, has to say in regard to the conduct of England and France—not France, but Napoleon the Little—during the Civil War:

"The recognition of the Southern Confederacy by England—or for that matter by all the Powers of the Continent—would not have changed a single campaign. In armed vessels the North, during the later years of the Rebellion, was stronger than any maratime power. We could have sent a hundred Alabamas to prey on English commerce, and as Gen. Grant observed: 'If Sheridan had not taken Canada in thirty days he would have cashiered him.' Why not look facts in the face? The war for the Union was fought and won, as wars since the beginning of time when men commenced the chivalric business of cutting each other's throats have always been fought and won, by superior science, force, endurance and skill. If England and France could have intervened to the injury of the Republic they would not have hesitated. We owe them no thanks for their forbearance. They simply did not dare."

It does THE CITIZEN good to find the American press waking up to the situation in such stirring fashion. Keep it up, gentlemen.

THE IRISH FAMINE DEMON.

That incorrigible Anglo American snob, Mr. Smalley, of the New York *Tribune*, now representing that influential journal in London, has the following in last Monday's issue of his paper concerning the threatened Irish famine:

"Not only is Ireland suffering from the potato blight, but also from a failure in many of the crops, owing to a want of fine weather. Unfortunately it is just the poorest part of the country where this visitation is at its worst. The Irish Land Commissioners' report is generally held to understate the gravity of the prospect. Already there is talk of starting a great relief fund in London, and Mr. Balfour has gone off in hot haste to Balmoral, the Queen being specially anxious to learn what can be known about the subject. Many boards of guardians and parish priests are loud in their demends for help. But the benevolent public and the British Government will have to be wary of believing all they hear from these quarters. If we credited the terms in which the situation is described today we might imagine that Ireland was already in the throes of a famine. The pinch has not come yet, but is clearly looming in the near distance. Mr. Healy has availed himself of the opportunity to raise another 'no-rent' cry. But this will do little to help his suffering countrymen. Had he delivered his 'advice' as he expressed it the other day in a proclaimed district he would most likely have been locked up. The marvel is that he hasn't spent half his life in prison. So far, Mr. Healy is the only prominent man who has attempted to make political capital of the famine."

The speech made by Mr. Healy, and to which Mr. Smalley makes such unfair allusion, was delivered at a recent meeting of the central council of the Irish National League in Dublin. In the course of his remarks Mr. Healy said, that if the Irish people allowed themselves to starve to death; if they paid either rent or taxes until they had first clothed and fed themselves, and those upon them dependent, they must be regarded as a pack of craven assassins. THE CITIZEN thoroughly indorses Mr. Healy's views. He has shown before now, notwithstanding Mr. Smalley's cheap sneer, that he can endure imprisonment, or worse, in the Irish cause without flinching. THE CITIZEN can easily understand how any people, practically unarmed, must refrain from fighting for sentiment, but there is no excuse for any people, whether armed or unarmed, committing suicide by permitting themselves to starve to death, rather than take that which belongs to their tyrants and, by the necessities of nature, which know no law, to themselves.

The Irish people, in 1847 and after years, were "hoo-dooed" by a false code of morality. "Moral force" agitators, having "fat round bellies, with good capon-lined" held up their hands in pious horror at the very idea of the starving peasants stealing, save the mark, a landlord's bullock, even though their children were trying to nurse upon the breast of a mother already starved to death, and the landlord aforesaid was sporting it in London or Paris with "concubines and carnal company." Some patriotic priests, like Father Kenyon, counselled the people to feed themselves and their children, but a majority of the bishops preached technical "honesty," which meant the cruel death of thousands, and placed the "rights of property"—property held by ruffians and robbers—above the lives of the people. The bishops, no doubt, meant well, but they were men of narrow views, and they had a people to deal with who always, unfortunately for them and theirs, placed the ideal far above the practical. THE CITIZEN hopes that when this new crisis comes, the Irish people will have the moral stamina to stand by the law divine of human necessity, and take whatever may be necessary—and what a native and friendly government would eagerly grant to them—to sustain life. If any man of influence, whether he be lay or clerical, tells the people to fold their arms and starve to death, on any pretext whatever, they should heed him not. They should ask such an adviser to prove his sincerity by starving to death with them. If the Irish people have to die anyway, it is better for them, to use the words of Mitchel, "die fighting than die starving."

MINISTER MIZNER'S HORRIBLE MISTAKE.

If Mr. Lansing B. Mizner, who is United States Minister to the republic of Guatemala has deported himself in reference to the surrender of Gen. Martin Barrundia, the revolutionist, to the Guatemalan government, which led to the murder of the fugitive on board of a vessel flying the United States flag, he should be at once recalled and disgraced. THE CITIZEN hopes that Mr. Mizner's case is not so bad as reported, for assuredly, as reported, no case could be worse. He has brought discredit upon this country, and has acted altogether in a manner that would argue in this wretched minister an advanced stage of incurable idiocy. Mr. Mizner is from Illinois—a fact that Illinois, under the circumstances, as reported, has cause to regret. If all our representatives to the South American States were of the same mental calibre as Mr. Mizner, it is greatly to be feared that the secretary of state's reciprocity plan would prove a flat failure. Captain Pitts, who commanded the American vessel from which Barrundia was surrendered in the Guatemalan port of San Jose, declares that he never would have surrendered the General but for the unaccountable instructions of Minister Mizner. It is a pity that Captain Pitts did not disregard these fatal instructions and show fight, especially as an American man-of war, the Thetis, was lying in the roadstead. On general principles, an American vessel should never, while a plank of her floats, surrender a political prisoner, however great a disturber of the public peace he may be. Revolutionists have their uses in this world, like all other classes of people. Barrundia was, undoubtedly, a fire brand, and probably met his just deserts at the hands of his infuriated countrymen, but we have nothing to do with that. His surrender by Minister Mizner and Captain Pitts, even though the vessel was in a Guatemalan port, was a dastardly and disgraceful act. The administration, if it would escape odium, must, if the facts are as stated, make an example of Minister Mizner. General Barrundia's daughter—a young girl—was so excited by the murder of her father that she forced her way into the embassy and fired upon Minister Mizner, barely missing his person. Taken altogether Minister Mizner is about the worst diplomatic failure of the age.

ENGLAND'S BURNING DISGRACE.

If anything can augment Ireland's sense of humiliation in being haltered, so to speak, to the filthy night-wagon of British imperialism, the augmentation has been supplied by the learned dean of Oxford College—the famous school of England's kings and statesmen—who, on last Saturday, delivered to his hopeful charge the following severe and significant address:

"Students of Christ Church—I wish I could also say young gentlemen—the time has come to call you to very serious account. It pains me to receive reports that you so behave yourselves within the precincts of this seat of learning—whence have risen some of England's greatest and noblest men—as to be called a nuisance and disturbers of the common peace. Your brawls and indiscretions scandalize the residents, whose wives and daughters fear you as they would savage animals of the lower order.

"You consider that because you are the sons of the nobility you are entitled to extravagant liberty, to be distended to vulgar license. You are laboring under a delusion from which you may have a very rude awakening. This college is not intended for well-born dunces such as you.

"You are not content with manly recreations such as your forefathers delighted to enjoy—the pleasures of the field, of the river, of home. You court fiercer and disreputable pleasures—drinking to excess in public places, to show your quality it is said; gambling in gilded parlors, to show how wealthy you are; following after women, whose presence by the side of your mothers and sisters you would resent as contagious contact. Yet you do not hesitate to place yourselves on a level with them and lay a foundation for degradation which must follow you through life.

"What husbands and fathers of the future! It is such as you who have demoralized tutors and guardians who have toadied to wealth and position for personal benefit. You should be examples to the poor and struggling. You are, I repeat, only a disgrace."

Never, since Oliver Cromwell talked his mind to the subservient parliament of King Charles I. has such blunt language been used by an Englishman to the descendants of the barons. The "rude awakening" to which the learned dean alluded is the long threatened social and political revolution, such as that which overwhelmed the aristocracy of France just a century ago. A lewd and drunken ruffian who may happen to be the son and heir of Milord, the duke of Beaufort or of Bedford, is no more to be tolerated by decent people than if his name were Hodge or Smith. The recent doings of the English aristocrats have been shameful to a frightful degree. They have transgressed not alone against the moral law but also against the law of nature, and the heirs of some of the haughtiest families of England are now fugitives beyond the seas because of their crimes against common decency—crimes of which even dumb brutes would be incapable. And these young scoundrels—these moral lepers—castigated by the honest and fearless dean of Christ Church, Oxford—are the sons of the present rulers of the British Empire, and will be—if a revolution does not wipe them out—ruling it themselves some of these days.

The rebuke administered by the dean has rung throughout Britain like the summons of judgment. It has called forth the frightened protest of the Tory papers, but the Liberal organs either sustain his deanship or are silent. It is well for England that, at least, one fearless man of intellect, learning and piety, not of the Catholic faith, has the courage and the candor to arraign the fledgling titled miscreants before the whole world for their vile offenses. The conduct of the Oxford students at the recent conferring of a degree on the intrepid explorer, Stanley, was of a character that might be expected from a pack of drunken street loafers on a Saturday night's spree, and filled with indignation the few Americans who witnessed it, although the English seemed to take it as a matter of course.

In olden times, the English kings, Edward I. and Edward IV. in particular, were obliged to stand between the people and the shameful tyranny of the Norman barons. The kings themselves were bad enough but the barons were even worse. In this day, there being no monarch worth mentioning to stand between the people and the sons of the barons—the princes of the House of Hanover being themselves smirched with many of the corruptions attributed to the young (ig) nobles—the dean of Christ Church, Oxford, is obliged to assume that duty. He will, no doubt, have to pay a heavy penalty for his moral heroism, but the sympathy of mankind, outside of the class he has denounced, will be with him. He has done a brave act, and has done it, too, from a strict sense of what he owed to his country. Had some of his predecessors in that high office been as brave of purpose as he, very many of the odious sins that have made the "morals" of the British aristocracy stink in the nostrils of humanity for generations might never have been committed. As it is, his courage has been exhibited too late. The first earth tremor of popular revolt is visibly felt in England, even among the soldiers sworn to uphold the present infamous condition of things. At the first serious opposition developed by the legislative monstrosity called the house of lords against a popular measure, the slow, but deadly, wrath of the English democracy may make itself felt. The English socialists are anxiously waiting for a chance to show their power. The old queen, after a reign unparalleled for horrors in both India and Ireland, is rapidly approaching an age when she must succumb to the king of terrors. In the natural course of events, the aged, and pliable, Victoria must soon be gathered to her stupid and tyrannical fathers. Should either her son or grandson succeed to the throne, the corrupt British aristocracy will have a ruler not likely to frown sternly upon their misdoings. It must be said, in justice, of the Prince of Wales that he has never been accused, or even suspected, of any other than natural crimes, but his hopeful heir, Prince Collars and Cuffs, as the satarists call him, has not been so fortunate. His intimacy with Lord Algernon Plantagenet Somerset, of Cleveland street nastiness infamy, has left him open to charges that historians have made against both the second Edward and the second Charles. The sins of her tyrants will yet avenge Ireland.

IN MEMORY OF BOYLE O'REILLY.

The citizens of Boston, Mass., met at Tremont Temple on Tuesday night to do honor to the memory of John Boyle O'Reilly. The meeting, which was very large, was attended by all classes of citizens. His Honor, Mayor Hart, presided, and the principal speakers were Col. Charles P. Taylor, president of the Boston Press club; the Hon. P. A. Collins, Col. T. W. Higginson, Gen. B. F. Butler, President F. H. Capen, of Tufts college, and the Hon. F. G. Walker, who spoke for the colored people, with whom the dead poet and patriot was a particular favorite. A series of laudatory resolutions were unanimously adopted. They concluded as follows:

"As a poet he had sung songs that had won the hearts of men and turned their thoughts upward, always toward a higher reach for humanity, and given hope to the sick, suffering, oppressed and downtrodden, and those who had grown faint-hearted.

"As a man he strove for humanity with earnest and unfaltering trust, believing that out of his manhood man's redemption, under God, would come. And so, in the minds of his fellow citizens, he stands as a type of young, strong, vigorous manhood, inspiration and encouragement.

"As a journalist, strong in his own convictions, yet recognizing that not what man says, but what he is, is the true test, he grew nearer and nearer as the years went on to that broadest plane where duty to God and to fellowman and not pride of opinion nor pride of statement takes first place. His fellow journalists saw this and they, too, claim kindred with him.

"Wherever man recognizes manhood, wherever doubt and distrust come between man and his ideal, the enthusiasm and faith of John Boyle O'Reilly in his brother man may be remembered, and doubt and distrust will give way and man everywhere will lay claim to him.

"His fellow citizens in loving remembrance bear testimony to his worth and record their admiration of his character.

"They tender his widow and family respectful sympathy and ask that this memorial of him may be forwarded to them as an expression of the feeling of this meeting."

Dr. Oliver Wendall Holmes, summing up O'Reilly's character, says:

"John Boyle O'Reilly was a man of heroic mold and nature—brave, adventurous, patriotic, enthusiastic—with the pervidum ingenium which belongs quite as much to the Irish as to the Scotch. We have been proud of him as an adopted citizen, feeling always that his native land could ill spare so noble a son. His poems show what he might have been had he devoted himself to letters. His higher claim was that he was a true and courageous lover of his country and of his fellowmen."

A GENEROUS DONOR.

A St. Paul dispatch, dated Tuesday, says: "Through the generosity of James J. Hill, President of the Great Northern Railway, the Catholic archdiocese of St. Paul will have a theological seminary to cost not less than $1,000,000. Mr. Hill has presented $750,000 to Archbishop Ireland to be devoted to the construction of the finest theological seminary in the United States, and it is understood he will supplant this magnificent gift with another of $250,000 to form the nucleus of an endowment fund. The selection of a site, which will be in the vicinity of St. Paul, is left to the discretion of Archbishop Ireland. Ground is to be broken in the early spring, and the institution is to be opened in 1892, on the fiftieth anniversary of the dedication of the first chapel, which gave St. Paul its name."

FOOTBALL IN CHICAGO.

The increasing popularity of Gaelic athletic sports was well attested by the immense audience which assembled at the Wanderers' grounds, Thirty-seventh street and Indiana avenue, last Sunday, to witness the second match game at football between the Emmet and Innisfail branches of the Gaelic Athletic Association. The Innisfails assembled at their headquarters, Halsted and Harrison streets, at 2 p. m., and, donning their beautiful uniforms of green and gold, climbed into the waiting 'busses, and with music playing, drove to their opponents' headquarters, where everything being in readiness, the Emmets fell in behind and proceeded to the grounds, both clubs marching in on the field to the inspiring strains of the "Wearing of the Green."

Owing to some trouble with the management of the grounds the tug-of-war and other athletic contests between the two clubs could not come off and had to be postponed. However, when both football teams lined up in the centre of the field their splendid appearance elicited loud cheers from the spectators. Capt. Sullivan, of the Columbia club, was chosen referee, while Robert Ambrose umpired for the Innisfails and C. O'Donnell acted in the same capacity for the Emmets. When the ball was thrown in there was one of the hottest struggles ever witnessed on a ball field, the teams being so evenly matched that for quite a while neither side gained any advantage. But soon the tactics in which Capt. Martin has trained the Innisfails began to show advantageously in their favor, they worked the ball up near their opponents' goal, and after missing a few times, at length gained a point amid the cheers of their friends. The ball being kicked out again there ensued some brilliant play on both sides, but the Innisfails again worked the ball up to the posts and claimed a goal, but was not allowed by the referee. Again before half-time the Innisfails worked the ball up and made a goal, which was allowed, and which practically decided the match, for in the final half of the game the Emmets, although scoring three points, were unable to make a goal, consequently the referee decided the Innisfails victorious by a score of one goal one point to three points for the Emmets.

Some names deserve special mention for particularly brilliant play, but where all did so well it is hardly wise to make distinctions. The following are the names of the players: Innisfails, Capt. Martin, O'Leary, Creed, Field, Sullivan, Windles, Burk, Wall, Mulverhill, Callaghan, Taylor, McCullough, McNamara, O'Connor, D. O'Leary, P. Sullivan, O'Connor, White, M. Welch, Mat Welch; Carroll, goal umpire; P. Fitzpatrick, goal umpire. Emmets, Capt. Martin, Ryan, T. Fitzgerald, Coughlin, Fogarty, Flemming, Dillon, Courtney, White, Egay, Fitzgerald, Mahoney, Carney, Maloney, Gallaghue, Rice, Jones, Flanders, Sheely, Guerin; Burke, goal umpire; Filvord, goal umpire. The Innisfails, of course, are highly elated over their victory, and now claim they'll win the championship of Illinois, which causes their coming match with the Michael Davitts to be regarded with the greatest interest, as the Davitts have been so far invincible, and never lost a game.

The Inisfail branch have started the organization of a hurling team, and will be expecting to hear from some other hurling team in the near future, when Chicagoans may have an opportunity of witnessing an exhibition of the most ancient of all athletic sports.

OBITUARY.

MR WALTER MITCHELL.

Mr. Walter Mitchell, one of the best known travelling men in the Northwest, died recently of acute pneumonia at Omaha, Neb. The remains were interred at his home, Warren, O. Mr. Mitchell was less than thirty years of age, and was a bright and manly spirit. He was held in high esteem by all who knew him. His pleasant face and cordial manner will long be missed by his friends and associates. Mr. Mitchell was very well known in Chicago, and passed through this city only a few weeks before his premature death. May he rest in peace.

MISS MARIE CUDAHY.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cudahy, Michigan boulevard, have been sadly afflicted in the death of their daughter, Marie, which occurred recently at the summer home of the family, Mackinac Island. The girl was in her thirteenth year, and was a bright, handsome, lovable child. Typhoid pneumonia was the cause of death. The funeral occurred on Thursday of last week, from the family residence, Michigan boulevard, to St. James church and thence by carriages to Calvary cemetery. The attendance was very large. Mr. and Mrs. Cudahy have the sincere sympathy of their innumerable friends in their sad bereavement.

MRS JULIA L. GILLESPIE.

Mrs. Julia L. Gillespie, the young and lovely wife of Mr. Arthur Gillespie, Jr., No. 25 Winthrop place, this city, died of consumption at her residence on Thursday of last week. Consumption was the dread disease from which she suffered. Her illness extended over a period of two years, and she endored all the physical torture incident to her condition with remarkable fortitude, hoping for recovery almost to the last moment of her existence. The death of this amiable lady, who was only in her twenty-second year, is a sad blow to her youthful husband and to all his family. Mrs. Gillespie, by her beauty, her gentleness and her kindness of disposition, had endeared herself to all who had the pleasure of knowing her. The funeral occurred on Saturday morning. Mrs. Gillespie, whose maiden name was Miss Julia L. Routcliffe, was interred at Ottawa, Ill., her birth-place.

MR. JOHN CONDON.

Mr. John Condon died at his residence, No. 532 W. Indiana street, on Aug. 26, aged 47 years, of Bright's disease of the kidneys. He had been under treatment by the most eminent doctors in the city for the past three months for stomach complaint, and attended to his business as usual until two weeks previous to his death, when a painful swelling in his feet set in, and he was compelled to take to his bed, which he did not leave until death relieved him from suffering. Mr. Condon's father was one of the wealthiest farmers in the parish of New Castle West, county Limerick. Deceased had been engaged in the grocery business in this city about twenty-five years. His place was burned out in the Kentucky block, on Clark street, in the big fire of 1871. He was an honest, good-natured man and never went back on a friend. He was liberal to a fault like most of his countrymen, rich or poor, and did many acts of charity. He leaves a wife and a large circle of friends to mourn his loss. The funeral took place on the 28th ult., from St. Columbkills' church, where high mass of requeium was celebrated, and thence the remains were conveyed to Calvary cemetery by carriages. There was a large attendance at the obsequies.

LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

The collection for the Holy Land in this archdiocese is $1,547.

The Rev. Father Sandal, S. J., will attend the County infirmary this year.

The Sacred Heart Society of the Holy Name parish has now 3,500 members in good standing.

There will be a general convention in Washington of the societies of the Young Men's Catholic Union of the United States Oct. 7 and 8. Special rates will be given to delegates from this city and vicinity on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway.

A general census of the Catholic Church and its congregations in the United States is now being taken under the direction of Dr. Carroll, of Plainfield, N. J., who has been assigned to that duty by the General Government. Blanks are sent to the chancellors of the various dioceses, with full instructions, which are transmitted to the pastors for completion.

There was a profession of ten new candidates for the order of Sisters of Mercy at St Xavier's Academy, Twenty-ninth and Wabash avenue, the Most Rev. Archbishop officiating. Among the young ladies professed were Miss Maggie Coughlan, of St. Pius' parish, who was professed as Sister Bertrand; Miss Ellen Murphy, of the Holy Name parish, who professed as Sister Januaris.

The choir of St. Mary's Church on Wabash avenue has been reorganized, and the quartett now consists of Mrs. Annie Moyer, Miss Wegner Grabbe, Mr. Johan Wass, and Mr. H. H. Drummond. Mr. F. Hugo Edelman, organist and director. During the coming season this choir will give masses from Hummel, Guilfmant and other well-known authors. They are now rehearsing the Missa Solemnis of Franz Liszt, composed for the thousandth anniversary of the Cathedral of Grau in Hungary. The mass is a grand production of that celebrated composer, and consists of solos, soli-quartetts, and quartetts and choruses. It will be given on Christmas Day for the first time in this city.

Three Harvest Excursions.

The Burlington Route, C., B & R R., will sell, on Tuesdays, Sept. 9 and 23, and Oct. 14, Harvest Excursion Tickets at *Half Rates* to points in the Farming Regions of the West, Southwest and Northwest. Limit thirty days. For circular giving details concerning tickets, rates, time of trains, etc., and for descriptive land folder, call on your ticket agent, or address P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LEINSTER.

MR. DAVITT'S PAPER.

Mr. Davitt's paper, the *Labor World*, will have three chief editions: One on Wednesday night for Ireland, and one on Thursday for the country, followed by a London edition on Sunday morning.

THE COOLROE ESTATE.

At Arthurstown petty sessions two men named Fitzharris and Furlong wre summoned for having on July 12, thrown stones at an emergencyman named Martin Hennessy, while doing duty for Mr. J. Byrne, of Coolroe. Hennessy stated that defendants were among a crowd who took from him cattle which he was driving for trespass, and who threw stones at him. Furlong stated that he was there but did not throw stones, and that Fitzharris was not there. P. Walsh, J. Boyle and M. Hanlon gave similar evidence. The magistrates bound Furlong to be of good behavior for twelve months or in default to go to jail for two months.

A DISCONTENTED CONSTABLE.

The following advertisement appeared recently in the Dublin *Freeman*:

"Constable, North Tipperary, nice fishing and yachting station on the banks of Shannon, will exchange to Queen's, King's, Carlow, Kildare, Dublin, Kilkenny or Waterford. Address 5070, *Freeman* office."

GOOD FOR BALD HEADED MEN.

The barbers and hairdressers of Dublin threaten to strike. The barbers have, it appears, too long hours and too little pay.

KILKENNY.

The community of the Cistercian Convent, Beaux, have sustained a severe loss in the death of Sister Mary Patrick Joseph of the Sacred Heart, who died on Aug. 1, from consumption. The deceased nun was daughter of the late P. Muldowney, Esq., of Kilkenny, and at the time of her death was only twenty-four years of age.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH.

On Aug. 9 a man named Roger Keenaghan met a sudden death at Coolatore, about four miles from Moate, in the Mullingar district. An inquest was held by Mr. Kelly, J. P., Lanestown, and another magistrate. From the evidence it appeared that the deceased, who was over sixty years of age, was driving across a field on an ass's car, laden with palings, when one wheel of the car passed over a stone, turning all completely over. Deceased was found under the car, one sideboard across his shoulders and the other across his ankles. A pipe was clenched in one hand, a match in the other. His death must have been instantaneous. Dr. Moorehead made a superficial examination, and the jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

DR. FULLAM ELECTED MEDICAL OFFICER.

Dr. William Fullam has been elected by a large majority over Dr. Fahy as medical officer of Balrothery workhouse, Co. Louth.

DEMONSTRATION AT BALLON, COUNTY CARLOW.

A very successful demonstration was held at Ballon, county Carlow, recently, in support of a tenant named Keely, who had been evicted in the locality. The Newtownbarry and Tullow bands attended. There were a few dozen police present. A government reporter was accommodated on the platform. Among those present were:

Mr. Brophy, Ballon; Mr. E. J. Doyle, Sec. I. N. L., Ballon; Mr. Hanlon, Grangefort; Mr. P. P. Lawlor, Newtownbarry; Mr. Nicholas O'Connor, Newtownbarry; Mr. Brennan, Newtownbarry; Mr. Kinsella, Sandbrook; Mr. O'Neill, Ballymogue; Mr. Ryan, Graigue Cottage; Messrs. O'Toole, Rooney, White, Moore, Bolger, Murphy and O'Brien, Tullow; Mr. Prandy, Bagnalstown; Mr. Breen, Borris; Mr. Lawlor, Milltown? Mr. Byrne, Baltinglass; Mr. Thos. Capel, Coolnock: Mr. John Nolan, Rathboe; Mr. P. J. Conlan, Carlow *Nationalist*; Mr. Jas. Capel, Ballyfale; Mr. Lawlor, iron Grange.

MUNSTER.

DRIVING FATALITY.

An inquest was held on the body of a small farmer named Buckley, who met his death accidentally near Templeglantz, near Newcastle West. A verdict in accordance with the evidence was given. The unfortunate man leaves a wife and twelve children.

A NURSE ARRESTED.

An inquest was held at Cork Workhouse on the body of a young woman named O'Brien, who died in the Workhouse Hospital. The evidence showed that a temporary nurse named Horgan had administered an overdose of a drug ordered by the doctor as a sedative. The nurse was brought up at the police office and remanded for eight days, bail being refused.

ACCIDENT ON THE LEE.

The tug boat May Flower was towing a barge belonging to Mr. Cantillon, Little Island, when the tow rope caught the leg of a man named Boyle, almost tearing the foot completely away from the body. Boyle was conveyed to the North Infirmary, where it was found necessary to amputate the injured limb. He is doing well.

CAPTURED GUNS.

A party of disguised men visited the house of several farmers in Monegay district, about three miles from Newcastle West, for the purpose of procuring firearms. In the houses of Patrick Deody and John Danaher they obtained guns. No arrests have been made.

A PIG-HEADED COMMITTEE.

The Ballyduff Dispensary Committee declined, by a majority of seven to five, to oblige the medical officer, Dr. Dennehy, to reside within the limits of the dispensary district.

FIRED INTO KING'S HOUSE.

Ten young men of the farming class were lodged in the police barrick at Milltown Malbay in connection with the alleged firing into the house of P. King, Tromroe. Their names are James Corry, John Keane, John Kinnane, Patt Egan, James O'Brien, Michael O'Brien, John O'Brien, John O'Dwyer, Tom O'Dwyer. The prisoners were remanded without bail.

STONE-THROWING AND HORSE-WHIPPING.

At Castleisland Petty Sessions five young men were charged with having thrown stones at District Inspector Rice. The District-Inspector was examined, and stated that a stone passed near him, and that he followed the defendants and horsewhipped one of them. He would not be positive that the stone was not kicked up by his own horse's hind legs. He did not see any of the defendants throw the stone. The defendants were asked to plead guilty, but they declined on the ground that they had not thrown the stone. The court adjourned for some time, and when it resumed Mr. Hussey had left. He was sent for, but did not come back. The case was, therefore, adjourned to next Petty Sessions.

RESCUED.

At Tramore a bathing accident happened, which, but for a very creditable display of courage and presence of mind, would undoubtedly have had a very serious ending, as three young ladies were by the tide carried far beyond their depth. One was Miss Madden, daughter of Mr. Madden, Cork. The second Miss Commins, of Waterford, and the third another Cork lady. Cries for help were soon heard. In a moment Messrs. James Power, Walter Bishop and a visitor, named McCormack, dashed into the waves and swam to the rescue, fortunately succeeding in rescuing the bathers before their dresses allowed them to sink.

TO EXTORT MONEY.

At a special court held in Tralee before Cecil Roche, R.M.; Sir R. Blennerhasset, and Mr. A. Blennerhasset, Mr. Broderick, solicitor, on behalf of Mr. Thomas Goodman, sub-sheriff of Kerry, applied for a warrant for the arrest of three men named Robert Walsh, bailiff; Denis O'Brien and John Skinner, ex solicitor's clerks, and grounded his application on the sworn informations of Mr. Goodman and Mr. P. Fleming. Mr. Goodman's information set forth that on the 30th of July he received a letter dated the 28th of July, in the handwriting of Denis O'Brien, and signed by Robert Walsh, accusing him of an abomination and infamous crime, and written, he believed, with a view to extort money from him. The accused were remanded for trial to the Winter Assizes, bail being refused.

FIGHTING A LANDLORD.

A number of sheriff's bailiffs from Tralee, accompanied by a force of police, proceeded to Dromulton, in the Castleisland district, for the purpose of seizing stock from the tenants on the Stokes estate. When they arrived they found that all the stock had been cleared off the farms, and they subsequently ascertained that the tenants on the Stokes estate on the townland of Dromulton had adopted the Plan of Campaign and sold all their stock at Killarney. It is understood that the landlord will now proceed to eject the tenants.

THE BALLYHEIGUE MURDER.

The investigation into the charges against B. Sullivan and Patrick Hackett of having wilfully murdered Patrick Fihive, at Heirhill, near Ballyheigue, on the 30th of August, 1886, in the grand jury room of the court house, before Mr. Cecil Roche, R.M. The several investigations held up to the present were private, but today the Crown case practically closed and the deposition were, by order of Mr. Cecil Roche, R.M., placed at the disposal of the press. The Crown was represented by Mr. C J. Morphy, C.P. Mr. J. P. Broderick appeared for Sullivan, and Mr. B. O'C. Horgan for Hackett. Constable Wholly deposed that he and Batt Sullivan, the prisoner, were drinking together one day in Ballyheigue and, when speaking of the murder, Sullivan, who had taken same drinks, admitted to have been at the murder. He said he first struck the deceased with a boulhaune (the swinging part of a flail), and that Ned Kennelly shot him. He subsequently denied this, and said he would die before he would turn informer. The investigation was adjourned.

TWO MEN KILLED IN A SAND-SLIP.

Two men, named Patrick Darcy and Michael Fox, were killed by a sand-slip at Spaniah Point, near Miltownmalbay.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Captain Rye's health having completely broken down since his confinement in Cork jail on a charge of firing at a peasant, he was released.

The Rev. P. O'Brien, who was ordained two months ago, left Dungarvan for the diocese of his cousin, Dr. Cleary, Archbishop of Kingston, Canada.

Another strike has taken place in Limerick; this time among the dock carters. This makes the third strike now in progress in Limerick.

Muckross House, Killarney, together with the deer forest and grouse moors, has been taken for the season by the Hon. A. H. Bourke.

We regret to have to record the death, at a comparatively early age, of the worthy wife of Mr. James Hunt, P.L.G., Killaloan, Clonmel, and sister of the esteemed Father Richard O'Gorman, P.P., Kilgobinet, Dungarvan.

CONNAGHT.

DROWNING NEAR CLIFDEN.

A young man named Melly was drowned in Roundstone Bay.

PROPOSED RAILWAY TO SWINFORD.

A requisition is in progress asking Mr. Anthony J. Staunton, chairman of the Board of Guardians, to convene a meeting to promote a line of railway to Swinford either via Colooney and Claremorris or direct from Ballaghadareen.

THE FRANCISCAN BROTHERS.

Some of the Franciscan Brothers from Brooklyn, in the United States, are at present in Ireland. Their headquarters are at the Franciscan Monastery, Mount Bellew, county Galway, the mother house of the order both in Ireland and the United States. The present object of the Brothers is to get young men, between the ages of fifteen and thirty years, to join them in the United States in the meritorious work of Catholic education.

ACROSS COUNTRY CHASE.

On the 15th of August two carloads of police visited a place called Upper Mace to arrest an evicted tenant named Bernard Sweeney for retaking possession. The tenant escaped while the police were standing near his house, and was immediately pursued. An exciting chase took place across the country, Sweeney eventually eluding the police.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Joseph Glynn, at the recent examination of the Royal University, son of the late John W. Glynn, merchant, Gort, after a very stiff examination, passed with great eclat.

The finest bridge that spans the Corrib River has been named by the Town Commissioners the "William O'Brien" bridge in some small recognition of the terms of imprisonment which the honorable gentleman has spent in Galway jail.

A farmer named Naughton, residing at Myrory, near Ballinasloe, died suddenly from heart disease.

A very old man, Thomas Egan, who had reached the age of 105 years, died recently at Benizon Lodge, near Castlepollard.

At the last meeting of the Ballina Board of Guardians a resolution was passed expressing alarm at the increasing number of notices of evictions served on the relieving officer at the suit of Sir Roger Palmer.

On the 8th of August Mr. Francis O'Byrne, a respectable farmer and shop keeper, residing at Meelick, while mounting a spirited horse, was knocked down, his head coming against a wall with such force that he was rendered unconscious. He died next morning.

The anniversary of Lady Day festival (August 15) was duly celebrated at the famous shrine of Knock. An enormous number of persons from all parts of the country visited the place and took part in the customary devotions during the day.

Mr. Bernard Egan has been elected chairman of the Moy Commissioners.

We regret to have to announce the death, on August 9th, at her residence, Windsorville, Ballyhaunis, of Mary Frances, wife of Charles E. Creane, Esq., M.D., J.P., aged 36 years.

ULSTER.

CHARGED WITH ROBBERY.

Three men were arrested at Ballybofey, county Donegal, on a charge of being concerned in the robbery in Melmount Church, Strabane. No valuables were found on them, however.

POTATO DISEASE.

The potato disease is spreading with alarming rapidity in South Down, where large fields are now considered useless. Reports from all parts of the county of Armagh state that the crop is seriously damaged by the blight. In the mountainous districts the crop has been completely destroyed.

SURGICAL OPERATION.

A remarkable surgical operation is reported from Portadown. Dr. Hadden was going his rounds in a wide district, the carriage being driven by the coachman named Tom Stevenson. The doctor had performed an operation upon a patient, and was driving home, when he observed the coachman, who had been eating a piece of bread, fall forward in his seat. The doctor got up and examined the man and found he was choking. He had him removed to the roadside, and did everything to restore respiration, but failed The coachman was then taken in a state of collapse into a house, and without a moment's delay the doctor performed the operation of tracheotomy, cutting open the windpipe and inserting in it a tube for the purpose of artificial breathing. By means of this the man's life was saved. Dr. Hadden then sent a messenger for Dr. Stewart to come with all the proper tubes for tracheotomy, but before the arrival of the latter gentleman the obstruction in the throat had worked its way down to the stomach, and Dr. Hadden was enabled to remove the tube which he had temporarily inserted, and stitched up the wound. The coachman is progressing favorably.

THE DEVIL'S WORK IN FARNEY.

The notorious agent of the Shirley estate, J. T. Gibbings, Esq., J. P., accompanied by his under-agent, Russell, and his bailiff, Stubbs, is engaged in a campaign of destruction on the estate. They first visited the house of a man named Fox and threw all his furniture, etc., on the road; then they began to pull down the house, but, before the work was finished, a son of Fox, who is hired, made a promise of settlement, and the evictor's hand was stayed for the moment. They then proceeded to evict a second tenant. The cattle were this time driven into a potato patch, which they utterly ruined. In this case the poor furniture was flung recklessly out, and a supply of milk—which had been given by charitable neighbors to the poor tenants—was actually poured by the evictors on the dung heap. When the furniture was cleared out the house was levelled to the ground, and scythes, etc., being procured from their car, the devil's work was finished by the cutting down of the remaining stalks of the miserable potato crop. This performance was repeated in a third case also. For cold-blooded brutality, Gibbings, Shirley, and all their hangers-on of the Estate Office, Carrickmacross, can match anything in the length and breadth of Ireland.

NARROW ESCAPES FROM DROWNING.

An alarming incident occurred at Portrush. Five ladies who were bathing at the ladies' bathing place were carried off their feet by the current, and three of them were carried out to sea several hundred yards. A young man named Wm. M'Allister swam out and succeeded in getting them into a boat. The ladies were Mrs. Gamble, her daughter, Mrs. Charley, Belfast; and two ladies named Goudy, sisters of Professor Goudy, of Ayr

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RECENT IRISH MARRIAGES.

Aug. 8, by special license, at the Oratory of the Holy Family, Grosvenor square, Manchester, by the Rev. Father Lynch, Wm. Dunne, Color-Sergt. North Lancashire Regt., to Jane White, widow of the late Quartermaster-Sergt. White, 8th Batt. R. brigade, both of Carrick-on Shannon, Ireland.

Aug. 6, at the Church of the Passionist Fathers, St. Paul's Retreat, Haroldscross, Dublin, by the Rev. W. Kearney, brother of the bridegroom, Hugh Kearney, Cross street, Kells, county Meath, to Mary, only daughter of the late Denis Currie, of Regent street, Liverpool.

Aug. 11, at the Church of the Visitation, Fairview, by the Canon Keon, P. P. V. F., Daniel Tuohy, B. I. C., eldest son of Mr. John Tuohy, of Castlegregory, county Kerry, to Mary B. Burke, eldest daughter of John Burke, Richmond road, Fairview.

Aug. 3, at St. Kevin's, Harrington street, Dublin, by the Rev. J. Baxter, C. C., Otto Schopperle, of No. 53 South Richmond street, to Delia, third eldest daughter of Maurice Petits Wood, Mullingar.

Aug. 18, at St. Stephen's Church, Upper Mount street, Dublin, Edward Henry Earl, M. R. I. A., youngest son of the late Patrick William Earl, Esq., to Annie Edith Colquhoun, youngest daughter of David Moore Colquhoun, Esq., clerk of the crown and peace for the county Derry.

Aug 12, at the Catholic Church, Aughrim street, Dublin, by the Rev. Robert Fagan, C. C., James D. Haugh, youngest son of John Haugh, Glenstaa, Ardagh, county Limerick, to Mary Christina, third daughter of Daniel D. Liston, of No. 8 McCarthy's buildings, Cabra, county Dublin.

Aug. 19, at the Scots' Church, Clonmel, by the Rev. James Wilson, M. A., Thomas Temple Muir, solicitor in the supreme courts of Scotland, Edinburgh, to Henrietta Farrell, youngest daughter of Thos. H. Scott, Esq., Clonmel.

July 30, at the R. C. Church, Killtallagh, by the Rev. T. Counihan, P. P., Patrick O'Sullivan, R. I. C., eldest son of the late James O'Sullivan, Ballymoyle, county Wicklow, to Hannah, second daughter of the late Wm. A. Burke, Ballygamboom, Kerry.

Aug. 13, at the Church of the Catholic University, Stephen's green, by the Very Rev. Canon Scully, assisted by the Rev. R. Colohan, C. C., Charles O'Connor, No. 15 Cranby row, barrister-at-law, to Blanche Mary, youngest daughter of the late James Scully, Esq., J. P., county Tipperary.

Aug. 6, at Dublin, John P., eldest son of Thomas Costello, of Galway, to Lillian Teresa Mary, daughter of Henry Contarini Fleming, of Charleville Mall.

Aug. 14, at the Church of the Holy Redeemer, Bray, by the Rev. J. Corcoran, P. P., Loughduff, Cavan, Nicholas Comerford, Tulleroan, county Kilkenny, to Maggie, eldest daughter of Mr. John Connolly, Pottlebawn, county Cavan.

At the Catholic Church, Kilcolman, by the Rev. P. Meehan, assisted by the Rev. J. Toohey, Rev. J. Hogan, and Rev. M. Murphy, brother to the bride, Michael, youngest son of the late John Fisac, Esq., Castledrea, to Ellen, fourth daughter of Patrick Murphy.

Aug. 12, at the Pro-Cathedral, Galway, by the Rev. F. Creaven, P. P., Richard Noonan, R. I. C., Killeen, Galway, youngest son of James Noonan, Ballinakill, Waterford city, to Mary (Minnie), second daughter of Patrick Fahy, Forster street, Galway.

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Complimentary Comments by the American, British and Irish Newspapers.

THE SECOND EDITION.

The success of "Warpath and Bivouac, or the Conquest of the Sioux" has been almost phenomenal. Almost all of the first large edition has been disposed of, and a second edition will be issued about Sept. 15. All who desire to possess a volume, which has won the plaudits of the American, German, English, Scotch and Irish press, should give their orders at the earliest possible date. The subjoined press opinions—selected from hundreds of others—will be read with interest:

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic. In such a war there can be no non-combatants, and the author was often in danger, and once, when entrapped with a scouting party, in extreme peril. The general movements of the troops, the marches, encampments and battles are well narrated. We learn all that is likely to be known of poor Custer's last combat, which no white witness survived to report. * * * Fortunately for himself and his readers, Mr. Finerty has escaped these varied dangers to give the public his very readable and commendable book.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Within the next ten days the same savage foe overwhelmed Custer not more than twenty miles away. What is known as the Sibley scout, a reconnoissance of about thirty men that fell in with an overwhelming war party in the Tongue River country, is perhaps the most thrilling episode described. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The Americans occupied a pretty strong post with a wood behind it through which, after a great deal of firing, they had to retreat. They felt that if wounded suicide was better than falling alive into the hands of the enemy. Led by Gruard, they crept off unobserved amused by the thought of the Indians' disappointment when they came for the scalps of the party which had vanished. They had a most difficult country to retreat through, scaling gigantic mountain wall diagonally. From its crest they saw the camp of the main body twenty miles away, and half starved and almost dead with thirst made their road down. They saw a number of Sioux below, but were not observed, and after crossing a deep river at last reached camp. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull. He may be said to have been the last of the great war chiefs able to oppose for a season by craft and courage the march of the white man; for although there have been and will be, desultory fighting towards the Mexican frontier, these Apache raids do not attain the dignity of Indian warfare. The episode of the last Sioux war had touches of romantic and dramatic interest to its close."

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures." It is no slight praise, and yet no undeserved praise, to mention Mr. Finerty's book beside those fascinating volumes. * * * It has the advantage of being written at first instead of at second hand, with the touch of nature only to be found in such narratives."

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

TERMS:

"Warpath and Bivouac" comprises two parts in one octavo volume of over 460 pages, with Map and Illustrations, in two styles of binding, Half Morocco, Gilt Edges, at $3 50 per volume; and Extra Fine, Silk Finished Cloth, with Marble Edges, at $2 per volume. All subscriptions and orders should be sent to JOHN F. FINERTY, 79 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, and to him all checks, money orders, etc., should be made payable.

"SWEETEST, SWEET, O SWEET!"

Over my shaded doorway
Two little brown winged birds
Have chosen to fashion their dwelling
And utter their loving words;
All day they are going and coming
On errands frequent and fleet,
And warbling over and over
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

Their necks are changeful and shining,
Their eyes are like living gems;
And all day long they are busy
Gathering straws and stems,
Lint, and feathers, and grasses,
And half forgetting to eat,
Yet never failing to warble,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

I scatter crumbs on the door step
And fling them some flossy threads;
They fearlessly gather my bounty
And turn up their graceful heads,
And chatter and dance and flutter
And scrape with their tiny feet,
Telling me over and over,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

What if the sky is clouded?
What if the rain comes down?
They are all dressed to meet it
In waterproof suits of brown
They never stop nor languish,
Nor murmur at storm or heat,
But say whatever the weather,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

Always merry and busy
Dear little brown winged birds,
Teach me the happy magic
Hidden in those soft words,
Which always in shine or shadow
So lovingly you repeat
Over and over and over
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"
—New York World.

MARIETTA'S IDEAL.

Marietta Polli stood at the corner of one of the side streets of Naples, past which the great post road from Gaeta to Policrasta ran. She had her small, rough table near by, and she played her guitar, singing the while to her accompaniment. Her entire property consisted of the already mentioned rough and rudely painted table, a colored saucer that stood upon it and in which the passers by now and then dropped a coin, and her guitar—for by profession she was a street singer.

Every morning found Marietta at her stand. She placed the empty saucer upon the table, and taking the guitar sang from 7 until 9 o'clock sacred songs, from 8 o'clock until 12 songs from the best known operas. Then from noon until evening national love songs. During the evening she sang a miscellaneous collection of character songs. As soon as it grew dark a small lamp with a red shade was lighted and placed upon the table near the saucer. As the clock struck the hour of 11 Marietta blew out her light, drew the strap of her guitar over her shoulder, emptied the saucer of its contents into her pocket, and hanging the lamp on a bracket fastened in the wall above her stand raised the table to the top of her head and walked off. Her nights were spent in the hall of a house which was regularly closed at 12 o'clock. In this hall a shoe mender kept his working bench, and it was upon this bench that Marietta made her bed. Marietta was one of a family. Her mother made her living by selling pocket handkerchiefs, opera glasses, cigars, spectacles and any other such things which her light fingered boys picked from the pockets of strangers and residents alike.

Mme. Polli understood the business well, and knew how to keep the boys at work. But some days trade was not good and then they had to go hungry. Once a week they all met at the "grand promenade" ground. Then Marietta gave each boy an orange and some chestnuts, and to the mother some money. Soon she would leave them and disappear among the crowd. The boys passed their nights in boxes, under baskets, or on the ships in the harbor. At noon they always joined their mother in one of the "macaroni kitchens," where they delivered their wares and fed themselves upon macaroni cooked in oil, stewed apples and fried fish, all of which they procured for fifty centesimi, and, if business had been brisk, they would spend sixty or seventy centesimi. Then they left, parting each for his place of business.

So lived this family of Polli, whether it was right or wrong, making the most of their talents.

Marietta was the most respectable of them all, for she dressed well, spent her nights regularly upon her bench, and also earned quite a sum of money. Her brothers reckoned she must make as much as three lires a day, during some parts of the year, and they often wondered whither it could be that she carried the money, and what became of it. This was a question which puzzled both mother and brothers, but only in times of great needs were calls made upon Marietta's bounty, and then she gave sparingly, but yet enough.

Marietta's beauty was well known. From her father, who by birth was a Roman, she inherited here wonderfully fine figure, her clear, broad forehead, and her beautiful eyes. From her Sicilian mother, her handsome nose, the small, firm mouth, and the wealth of black, curly hair, which blew about her when she threw back her head in the act of singing, and the melancholy look which came into her eyes as she sang, but which changed into a smile if by chance some passer-by favored her with a bit of money.

With men in general she had little to say, yet, as she passed along in her singing, her neighbor upon the corner (who sat all day behind a basket of dried pumpkin seeds, across the top of which was arranged a board, upon which were displayed the seeds) would stop a moment now and then to talk. The profession of street singer had, even among her class, a certain social standing, and she was thought to be a good girl and had the respect of all, many a wealthy family helping her by gift of clothes. Even the old "Principal Dorandi," as he passed her stand each morning upon his way to the Palazzo used to speak to her, and he left her at his death ten hundred lires.

Marietta demanded a great deal of respect, and strangers who dared to smile upon her received only cold looks and scornful frowns. Even the most flattering remarks upon her beauty were without avail. A suitor from the "Hotel de Rome," with his gold braided coat, was dismissed with a great deal of contempt. This was occasioned somewhat by Marietta's ideal. Her great wish, and that which possessed both heart and mind of the Neapolitans of her standing, was that of being a proprietor of a one horse coach, which can be driven through the entire city, and which both rich and poor alike might use. Marietta not only dreamed of some one who might own one, but Sunday afternoons, when she did not sing, she, dressed in her light blue holiday dress, with the pale yellow kerchief and red gold hoops in her pink, shell like ears, would pay one lire for a drive from one end of the city to the other and back, being the entire course.

So great was her happiness in this ride that as she rode along she gazed out as proud as a queen, her eyes sparkling, and she as joyous as if it were her very own. Many were the young men who were pleased with Marietta, and many were the offers which she rejected on all sides, for none possessed the one thing necessary. Whether all coachmen came into the world married was a question Marietta often asked herself. She displayed a great deal of tact with these carriage drivers, for no sooner had she taken her seat in the carriage than she ascertained whether they were married, and she was in great despair in not being able to find one unmarried.

So time passed on, but no driver came in Marietta's way who wanted to make her his wife. The much dreaded five-and-twenty years crept nearer. At this age Italian women begin to lose their beauty, and Marietta thought with horror that she could not hope to be an exception. She knew that when another year came she could no longer stand at the street corners without being laughed at. The profession belonged to youth and beauty alone, and she had no other way by which to earn her bread. What should she do? At a school she had never been, and she was not rapid enough with her hands to procure an engagement in a factory. Then, too, in Naples there are not so many such places to be had, and what there were, were filled by underpaid girls. To be a water carrier was the only thing left, and yet in every second house could be found many doing the same thing, and the business was almost overrun anyway by boys. To do as her mother did she could not, for she knew what was right and prided herself upon her honesty. There came an idea to her. From a friend who had traveled she learned that in Switzerland there were women doctors and women telegraph operators, and the friend, after telling her of several other positions held by women, ended by saying:

"They were employed at the railroad stations."

Now Marietta thought in her little head that if all these places were filled by women, and as no coachman came for her, why should not she offer herself as a coachwoman? It would be a perfectly respectable vocation, and no one could say her nay. Then, too, one would have the pleasure of riding all the long day through, and all the while receive pay for doing it. Then, as first coachwoman in Naples, she would be very much more admired than as a street singer, and in a short time she could give up and live upon the interest of the money that she had earned. This was the conclusion to which Marietta came, after hours spent in deep and earnest thought. It was not anything strange to her, a street singer; so, when she had arranged it clearly in her mind, she was very happy. She took her bank book to the wife of the shoe mender, to reckon her interest for her, and she found (a fact which Marietta well remembered) that she had 930 lires, that she had saved from the money gathered on the street, and which was held in safe keeping for her at the national bank.

Beside her strong, clear voice, Marietta had a genuine Italian ability to make a bargain; so she betook herself to a cousin of hers who was still young and had saved for herself some money. She offered her the stand with table and guitar if she would like to buy. The cousin entered gladly into the advantageous bargain, and the next morning those who passed that corner of the Strada San Ferdinando, found in the place of the stately beauty Marietta, a very sallow young person, around whose neck was the well worn green ribbon upon which hung the old guitar, and who sung to it as if she were singing out her very life, standing by the weather stained table.

Marietta hastened to the widow of a lately deceased carriage driver. She was close, and hard to drive a bargain with, but she succeeded in procuring from her a rather lean horse, a carriage, painted but recently a bright red, a new rug, and two brilliant lanterns under the driver's seat. Happy was she in the possession of these costly things, for which she had been obliged to part with 700 lires. After this bargain, she went to Melito, a short distance from Naples, whence an omnibus went regularly to Naples, seating herself by the driver, who, for her ride money, taught her to drive. He looked upon the affair as fun that brought in money, and he was willing to aid her. So Marietta rode eight-and-twenty times the four hours' route, and after that apprenticeship, she thought herself well taught.

One day she presented herself at the place where carriages are usually hired in Naples. It was strange to her, and a trifle awkward, too, when she placed the lacquered hat upon her curly hair and held her whip in her hand. The streets were strange, too, with the many passers by, as she stood or sat waiting for some one to drive. Hardly had she been ten minutes at her place before people began to stop and look. Soon a large crowd collected about her. The police soon followed. There were two sergeants with their large hats, two officers with their gray mantles, but without numbers, two ordinary officers with their black coats and numbers, and several others whose business it was to keep the peace. They laid hands upon horse and carriage at the same time and demanded her license papers. Marietta had none. She had not known the need.

"Your carriage has a number, but your lanterns have been cleaned—as they should be—and you have neglected to replace the number upon them. What have you to say? Explain yourself!"

"You have no license!" remarked one of them.

"No," answered Marietta.

"Follow us, then, to the central office, to the chief of police."

He turned and looked at one of the officers. Marietta was very pale and shook so that the horse became uneasy and pricked up his ears.

"Come down and hand over to us the horse and carriage," said the officer.

Poor Marietta began to cry, at which the gathering crowd laughed loud and long. During the conversation so many had gathered that not a few were the remarks made upon a woman being a carriage driver. They had heard of different things being done by women, but never before of a horse and carriage for hiring having a woman as a driver.

Some shouted:

"Marietta, the singer, turned coachwoman!"

For among the crowd were those who knew her, and they were very much interested to see how all this would end.

Marietta moaned and cried, but did not move to come down from the box. She knew not what she did, from fear and anger. The crowd began to take sides, they waved their hats, shouted and pushed each other from side to side. The police showed they had little control. Through the crowd a young man pushed his way, and rather impertinently, yet quickly, stood beside the carriage.

"What is the matter?" he asked, breathlessly.

"She has no license."

"I have one, but no carriage. I will take this one," he continued, in rather a loud voice.

He was a fine looking young man, but poorly clad, and in every way showing that the world had not gone very well with him.

"May I do so?" he called to Marietta, who was still upon the box, at the same time handing to one of the police a rather soiled paper which he took from his pocket. Marietta, from fright, understood nothing.

One of the police then spoke:

"The signor has a license and will be responsible for you."

Marietta did not yet understand.

"He wants to marry me!" she shouted.

At this the crowd became more noisy. The tears stood in her eyes as peal upon peal of laughter rang out upon the air.

"That I don't know," replied the sergeant, but he added, smiling: "Perhaps he will. Now, however, he will, with his license, take charge of your horse and carriage, for even had you a license, as a woman you would not be allowed to drive about Naples. You understand now?" said the sergeant.

"Yes," replied Marietta, looking the new driver full in the face.

The shouts of the crowd rent the air. They cheered him for such gallantry in taking charge of the carriage, and wished all happiness to the signorina.

Marietta left the box. Thankfully she held out her hand to her preserver, who looked pleasantly at the round face, framed in with the wealth of black curls, and her dark, sparkling eyes.

"My good people," said the sergeant, "you must follow me to the office, where the number of this carriage must be entered in your permit, before it will be correct. Do you give this horse and carriage to this license?" he said, turning to Marietta.

"Yes," she answered, and looked her thanks as she lifted her eyes to those of her new friend, who, from his sallow complexion and general ways, betrayed his Neapolitan birth.

"Please seat yourself in the carriage," said the sergeant to Marietta. He till now had managed, and he intended to continue to do so. Marietta did not feel so proud as she was wont to do upon the Sunday drives, yet she was quite contented as she entered the carriage.

The young man mounted the box. The sergeant shouted, "Make room," and slowly, guarded by six policemen and followed by a large crowd, the carriage was driven to the police station.

It was but a short time before everything was arranged for all parties satisfactorily. Marietta gave up her horse and carriage to the young man with a license, but who was without a horse or carriage. So it followed that she found her ideal in reality. After a few weeks they concluded to marry, and in a short time the husband was able to keep another horse, and then their prosperity was assured. They were very happy together, although she was some years his senior, and he could never refuse her anything.

On Sunday afternoons she took her usual ride with the married man: but the difference was that the driver belonged solely to her, and was proud to have her for the occupant of his carriage. —Translated from the German by A. M. F. for New York Ledger.

The Mid-Steeple.

Set squarely in the middle of High street, Dumfries, is one of the oddest old structures to be found in all Scotland. It is now called the Mid-steeple. When built, 200 years ago, it was known as the Tron Steeple. At that time, on the sale at auction of the customs and excise of Scotland, the Dumfries town council took a large share in the plunder, in turn sold it to a fellow burgher, one Sharpe, so by name and fine in dealing. The citizens revolted, and on compromise Burgher Sharpe was permitted to retain his "tack" on payment of 20,000 merks, Scots, with which the outlandish structure was erected. In its upper uncouthness it contains the town clock and a peal of bells, and a complaining weathercock surmounts the spire.—Cor. New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Modern Education.

Proud Mother—At last, my dear, your education is finished, and you have diplomas from the highest seats of learning in the world.

Cultured Daughter (wearily)—Yes, and now I'm too old to marry.—New York Weekly.

EASY RIDING OUT WEST.

THE RECLINING CHAIR THAT COSTS NOTHING EXTRA.

One Respect in Which Western Railroads Are Far Ahead of Eastern Lines—There Is No Charge for Their Use and They Are Very Comfortable.

Western railroads have a kind of car which is not seen on any of the principal eastern lines. It is the reclining chair car; not the kind that the Pullman and Wagner companies make and charge an extra fare for the use of, but a car that will hold almost as many passengers as the ordinary car, and that has chairs instead of the ordinary seats. No extra charge is made for traveling in these cars.

Almost all the railroads running out of Chicago, St. Paul, St. Louis and other western cities put one of these cars on every passenger train. The cars are familiar enough to western people, who have been accustomed to them for years, but somehow none of them have got east.

Inside the car there is a center aisle, just as there is in Pullman and ordinary passenger cars. On each side of this aisle are the chairs, two abreast. They are something like steamer chairs, only they are of iron, cushioned and longer, and have a small pillow at the top. They are also more readily adjusted than steamer chairs, and can be turned, raised or lowered by a simple cog arrangement.

COMFORTABLE LOUNGES.

When a passenger wants to sit up straight and read, he has the porter of the car peg the chair up to any height or angle that he wishes. When he wants to sleep he lets the back of the chair down and props the pillow under his head. The chair also has an adjustable foot rest, which may be folded under, used as a stool, or put up on a level with the seat, so that when the back of the chair is lowered it makes a couch more comfortable than many lounges. When the chairs are lowered they cannot be turned readily on account of the lack of space, but when they are up they turn pretty freely.

These chairs in many ways are preferable to the ordinary chairs that the Pullman and other companies furnish. One can sleep in them with some degree of comfort, which is more than most people can do in the Pullman chair. Another advantage which appeals to the public is that there is no charge made for them, and that the porter is forbidden to make any charge. If he does any extra service for the passengers he is willing to receive a tip for it, but ten cents is a reasonable tip, and fifteen cents is a lavish tip, where twenty-five and fifty cents are the corresponding sums on a Pullman or a Wagner car.

WESTERN VS. EASTERN CARS.

These cars have a smoking room, not as gorgeous as the parlor cars, but a very comfortable room. The seats are covered with leather instead of plush, and the wood finish is plain instead of elaborate. The cars are for all passengers, but in a certain order of preference. They are first for women, after that for men who are going some distance, and then for passengers who are going over a division. A passenger who is going only twenty-five or fifty miles is not allowed to ride in a chair car if there are other passengers who are going to ride longer distances.

The principal trains on the western roads are run at night. The roads to St. Paul, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha out of Chicago start their important trains in the evening and bring them to their destination in the morning. So it is with the return trains. There are several roads between these places, and they are competing roads, not closely pooled as in the east. The average rate of transportation is lower, and the regard for the passenger and his comfort is greater than on eastern roads, where there is no competition.

Chair cars are put on these night trains as well as on the day trains, in order that passengers who will not pay $2 for a berth in a sleeper may not have to sit up all night in the straight backed seats. This divides the passengers into three classes—the passengers who pay extra for their accommodation, the chair car passengers and the ordinary car passengers. The ordinary cars are not as good as the ordinary cars on the eastern express trains, but they are good enough perhaps. The employes are also more civil, and will give information in a more pleasant way.—New York Sun.

Arguing a Technicality.

The eagerness with which lawyers jump at technicalities to help out their cases, no matter how absurd the technical point may be, is a matter of wonderment to laymen. Some illustration of this tendency of the legal profession is given nearly every day in the courts in a more or less laughable form. A few days ago a lawyer who was trying in the supreme court to secure the release on a writ of habeas corpus of a man who had been committed for some misdemeanor raised the point that the commitment stated that the crime occurred Sept. 14, 189, and that consequently the statute of limitations freed his client from punishment on account of it. The opposing lawyer argued in opposition to this view, and the judge gravely held that the point could not be sustained.—New York Times.

An Austrian Wit.

Moritz Saphir, the witty Austrian journalist, was once standing in a crowded theatre. Some one leaned on his back, thrusting his head over his shoulder. Saphir drew out his handkerchief and wrung the man's nose violently. The latter started back. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said Saphir; "I thought it was mine."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Speed the Parting Guest.

Landlord—Better stay, Mr. Quibbs. All the big bugs'll be here next month.

Resorter—There's a good many here now. That's why I thought I'd go.—Detroit Free Press.

Santa Claus Soap,
MADE ONLY BY
For the Cleanest and whitest of shirts we may hope, Provided they're washed with the SANTA CLAUS SOAP.
N.K. FAIRBANK & Co. — CHICAGO.

Sickness as a Teacher.

All the circumstances of life are in some sort educative. Health and happiness have their lesson of active duty to teach us if we will receive it, and so, likewise, have pain, disease and misfortune, as lately stated by Mr. Spurgeon, a purpose of correction, a chastening and mellowing influence within them. With some natures and moods perhaps it is otherwise. The sharpness of the stroke touches no mental spring but that of self concern, but here again it is the wise who learns. For him these evils, for such they still remain, are also the seeds of sympathy with others in like trouble. If he be through any fault of his own accountable for them, they are in true science as in Scripture the natural recompense of evil, a protest on behalf of needful self control, which he will do well to observe. There is more, therefore, than an apparent tendency to asceticism in this doctrine of disciplinary suffering.

Of course, it does not follow that the prosperous and the healthy must at some time undergo this training by reverses. The same lessons of patience, fellow feeling and self restraint can be learned in other ways, and it is quite certain that the daily round and task abound in opportunities for such wholesome instruction. We are alike justified, therefore, in admitting for this purpose the frequent utility of pain, and in seeking, to the best of our ability, to limit and to destroy by suitable remedies the influence of this otherwise harsh and hurtful instructor. Health of mind and body and well being of estate are alone consistent with perfect life as ordered by nature's plan and the divine will, and every purpose of training is compatible with their full possession and their proper use.—Lancet.

Trying to Make Hair Grow.

Mr. Henry Clews related how he became bald. "Baldness overtook me," he said, "when I was quite a young man. I began to notice that the hair was leaving the top of my head with unhappy haste. One day I spoke to my barber about it. He said the remedy was simple enough. All that was necessary was that the top of my head should be shaved regularly for about six months. I could wear a toupee, or half wig, and nobody would be the wiser, and at the end of six months my hair would come out strong and always remain so. I went to a wigmaker and asked him if he could prescribe a cure for baldness. He, too, advised shaving the head. That was exceedingly cheering. Two men of science harmonized.

"I bought a toupee of the wigmaker. I remember that I paid $30 for it. Then I had my head shaved twice a week regularly. Occasional examinations of the top of my head were not very encouraging. But thinking that all would be well in time I persevered. At the end of six months I was forced to confess that I had less hair than before. Indeed there was no hair at all on the top of my head. Wearing the toupee had kept out the air and killed the roots. I threw the toupee away and philosophically accepted my fate."—New York Times.

Reverses of French Noblemen.

Sad have been the reverses of the old French nobility since Edmund Burke penned his splendid eulogy. According to M. Lescure a grandson of that same Marquis d'Hauteroche who chivalrously requested the English troops at the battle of Fontenoy to "fire first" ended his days as a common policeman. Sadder still, from the point of view of the amateurs of "blue blood," one of the noble family of Babou de la Bourdaisiere is now a washerwoman. Representatives of other noble families equally famous in their time are, or were, according to the same authority, occupying the humble positions of gamekeeper, carpenter's apprentice, house painter, cab driver, miller's assistant, innkeeper, conductor of an omnibus, box opener at a theatre, gas man, bathing man, maker of mousetraps, chorus singer at the opera, and woodman, while one, who is a great grandcousin of the illustrious Cardinal de Retz, unites in his own person the lowly offices of grave digger and village fiddler.—London News.

A Vice President Fishing.

When Hannibal Hamlin was vice president of the United States he went fishing in a Canadian stream and had struck a splendid salmon. A boat approached in which were the English treaty commissioners. Mr. Hamlin was meeting the crisis with the vigor and skill of an accomplished angler. The Englishmen, as their boat drew near, saw that he was battling with a noble foe. When told who the gentlemen were Mr. Hamlin called out, "You must excuse me till I land this salmon!" The introduction was deferred for about half an hour, when the Englishmen were able to salute not only the vice president, but the conqueror of a kingly salmon. He decided the question of etiquette offhand, though it is to be presumed that the salmon would have preferred the following of the venerable and accepted rule—drop everything when a caller is announced.—St. Louis Republic.

The Busiest Man in the World.

It is a bare matter of fact to say that Voltaire never knew what a vacant moment was. Planning, writing, revising or directing the performance of a play; composing some pamphlet which, read by every cultivated person in Europe, would furnish fertile food for many an hour's conversation in courts and coteries; penning or dictating letters, of which the series is so inexhaustible that Charles Nodier is reported to have said: "What! More unpublished letters of Voltaire! The only end to them will be the end of the world!"—Gentleman's Magazine.

The Usual Way.

Waiter—Will you gentlemen have your coffee now or later on?

Guest—We will take it right now.

Waiter—I was going to say if you wanted it right away you will have to wait about half an hour.—Texas Siftings.

"Blacked Out."

Speaking of the Russian censorship, Mr. George Kennan, in an article in The Century, says: "What does the Russian government hope or expect to accomplish by 'blacking out' articles that aim simply to tell the truth with regard to Russian affairs, and by throwing into prison every man in whose possession such articles may be found?

"The Russian author Prugavin, in a book that was inadvertently sanctioned by the press censor, but that was afterward seized and burned, asks this same question, and says: 'Can an idea be choked to death? Can thought be killed, buried, or annihilated? Are not truth, and love, and justice, and freedom immortal? It is the most terrible of mistakes to suppose that ideas can ever be crushed. People have perished—men have died in chains and casemates, their bodies have decayed, their graves have been lost, and their very names have been forgotten; but their ideas and aspirations live on. Washed in the blood of suffering, such ideas and aspirations have become the dream of every man in whose brain a thought stirs and in whose breast a heart beats.'

"The press censor, when he burden Prugavin's book, thought that he had destroyed forever its 'pernicious' influence, but the 'ideas and aspirations' of the gifted author 'live on,' and his words, although burned by order of government in Russia, will appeal to hundreds of thousands of sympathetic hearts in England and the United States.

"Some time in the far distant future the free Russian patriot, no longer blinded by the censorship of the press, will look over the pages of his national history that record these attempts to gag public opinion and strangle human thought, and will wish from the bottom of his heart that so humiliating and shameful a record might be 'blacked out.'"

Philanthropic Beggars.

"Say, mister, give me some money to buy some supper with. I haven't had a bite to eat today. Can't you help me along?"

It was a street beggar accosting a sorrowful looking young man on one of the principal thoroughfares of the city. The young man stopped. "There's a nickel," said he. "It's the last I have, but take it. I shall soon be where they don't need money. I am tired of this life, so take it and good luck to you."

"Are you so much in need as that, partner?" asked the beggar.

"Yes, I have been looking for work for two weeks, but it's no use, and my money's all gone."

For a while the beggar hesitated, then he pulled out a dollar. "Here," said he, "take this. You're worse off than I am."

"No," answered the young man firmly. "It won't do me any good—good-by," and he walked rapidly down the street.

A policeman overheard the remark and he followed and overtook the stranger.

"Look here," said he, "are you the fellow that's about to commit suicide?"

A hearty laugh interrupted further questions.

"That's all right, officer," said the would-be suicide. "I am just trying a little game on these street beggars, and that's the third one to-night who has offered me money.—Kansas City Globe.

When a man can talk so charmingly as to make a book agent forget his errand or the insurance solicitor to neglect to solicit he can safely be put down as a past master in the art of conversation.

FLOWERS OF THE WEST.

THEY ARE NOTED FOR THEIR BRILLIANCY OF COLORING.

A Wealth of Blossom and Bloom That Must Be Seen to Be Appreciated. Though Different from Flowers in the East They Have Many Points in Common

If the flowers of the Rocky mountain region are noted for one thing more than another it is for brilliancy of coloring. It is always a positive red or yellow or pink, with very little of the delicate half tints and gradations seen in the flora of the Atlantic slope. Then, too, the flowers of the west bloom in such lavish profusion. The plains and slopes blaze with immense patches of color for miles and miles. Perhaps some of the blossoms are not so sweet scented as are many of our eastern favorites, but what these western flowers lack in sweetness they make up in brilliancy.

It is not always easy to trace out the genus of any particular plant, for the reason that this elevated region has not yet been thoroughly explored by the botanist, and we have no one book to which we can point as authority like Gray's Manual for the eastern states and Chapman's for the southern. But it is generally possible to determine the alliances and place each plant in its proper family.

SIMILAR POPULAR PLANTS.

Thus we recognize the beautiful white and purple iris, even though it is not like any iris with which we are already acquainted. And we know the large, handsome white bloomed evening primrose from its resemblance to our familiar eastern yellow species, and feel safe in calling this western one an œnothera. What the people on the plains of Wyoming call bluebell is described in Gray as "lungwort." It is a dainty little blue flowered member of the boraginaceæ or forget-me-not tribe; its botanical name is pulmonaria or mertensia. This is exceedingly fragrant. It is found in some places as far east as Virginia.

But west of the Wasatch range two other flowers are called, in popular language, the bluebell, although neither is a true campanula any more than the lungwort is. One of these so called bluebells is a veritable hyacinth, only the blossoms are arranged in an umbel, like a geranium. The other bluebell is probably a salvia or sage—at least it is a real labiate plant. It is tall and handsome, and in general aspect resembles our "great blue lobelia."

The legummasæ, or pea family, is well represented. I counted eight distinct species belonging to this order. All are called, indifferently, "wild sweet pea," although from the shape of the leaves of seven one might conclude that these were more nearly allied to the glycine or wistaria. The yellow flowered species, from its smooth, pale green foliage, may be a true lathyrus. The others comprise one white, two blue, two pink and two crimson. Some of these grow but a few inches above the surface of the plain, while the taller ones cling to the rocks and bushes on the mountain side.

The compositæ, or compound flowered plants, are also well represented. A curious little daisy or chamomile has five broad white petals. A pretty pale blue aster or erigeron recalls our own autumnal flora. A tall, handsome yellow flowered plant is very similar to our own hawkweed. There is but one species of pixie, or pyxidanthera, mentioned in Gray. This is pink flowered and belongs to the "Jersey pine barrens." But here on the plains may be found a white pixie. This belongs to the polemonaceæ or phlox family. This order is well represented in the west. The Wasatch mountain range is rich in a delicate pink species of phlox. The people here call it wild sweet William, just as the people of Nebraska do the purple species, although the real sweet William is a dianthus or pink.

SOME BRIGHT ONES.

A deep crimson flowered umbelliferous plant is undoubtedly a member of the liliaceæ, or lily family. The plant is low, the blossoms are small, but the clusters are dense. Some call it "wild onion"—perhaps it is an allium. Another plant is said to be a lily—it may be, although it looks more like a tiger flower or a trillium. It is as large as a tulip and has three broad, rounded petals and three narrow, bladelike ones. The color is white, painted at the base of each petal with a curious spot of red and yellow. The stems and leaves are simple, straight and whitish.

Then we may notice several low plants, bearing dense, rounded clusters of tiny white blossoms, tipped with pink. Some have a sweet scent, too strong, however, to be agreeable. These suggest the vincetoxicum and amianthemum, with similar liliaceous plants of the New Jersey barrens. We also notice two distinct species of pink purple wild geraniums, more abundant, perhaps, but not quite so beautiful as our own geranium maculatum.

A curious little flower of the mallow or hibiscus order grows but a few inches in height, but it is noteworthy by reason of its petals of vivid scarlet. Then there is the handsome alyssum, or gold basket, resembling the brilliant wall flower, and like it a member of the cruciferæ or cabbage family. At this season of the year may be noticed two kinds of cactus—a yellow flowered "prickly pear," like the Jersey cactus, and a pink blossomed species whose solid green lump, taking the place of leaves, has been called the "devil's pincushion."

According to our eastern ideas it does seem very strange that such lovely wild flowers should grow so abundantly where there are no woods; where there are only a few trees, and these principally high on the mountain sides or along the banks of streams, and where there is so little of what we call thickets or underbrush. The bare, reddish and grayish plains and slopes, dotted sparsely with dull tinted sage brush, appear at a distance like the very picture of desolation. But, as hinted above, a nearer view often shows a surprising wealth of bloom. To be appreciated it must be seen.—Cor. Philadelphia Times.

The Liver

When out of order, involves every organ of the body. Remedies for some other derangement are frequently taken without the least effect, because it is the liver which is the real source of the trouble, and until that is set right there can be no health, strength, or comfort in any part of the system. Mercury, in some form, is a common specific for a sluggish liver; but a far safer and more effective medicine is

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"For the cure of headache, Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the most effective medicine I ever used."—R. K. James, Dorchester, Mass.

"When I feel the need of a cathartic, I take Ayer's Pills, and find them to be more effective than any other pill I ever took."—Mrs. B. C. Grubb, Burwellville, Va.

"I have found in Ayer's Pills, an invaluable remedy for constipation, biliousness, and kindred disorders, peculiar to miasmatic localities. Taken in small and frequent doses, these Pills

Act Well

on the liver, restoring its natural powers, and aiding it in throwing off malarial poisons."—C. F. Alston, Quitman, Texas.

"Whenever I am troubled with constipation, or suffer from loss of appetite, Ayer's Pills set me right again."—A. J. Kiser, Jr. Rock House, Va.

"In 1858, by the advice of a friend, I began the use of Ayer's Pills as a remedy for biliousness, constipation, high fevers, and colds. They served me better than anything I had previously tried, and I have used them in attacks of that sort ever since."—H. W. Hersh, Judsonia, Ark.

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Columbia Court No. 2—Thos Malley, C R, 94 Rumsey st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 3 Smart st; E D LeTourneau, F S; F J Sheehy, Treas; Dr J B Phelan, C F. Meet 1st Thursday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in McElroy's hall, corner Indiana and Paulina sts.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 136 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C F. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 3518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C F. Meet1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Grimm, Treas; Dr D Collins, C F. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C F; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C F. Meet 1st hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr O Hogan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Bogers, C R, 431 W Ohio st; D B Haasan, R S, 333 W Adams st; M O'Kane, F S; J B Uhiel, Treas; Dr F H Connolly, C F. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M O Cooney, R S, 503 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Wiser, C F. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Nott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Reilly, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Demlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuess, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H O Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C F. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Park hall, 1066 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C F. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago —Wm Tully, C R; Micheal O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 23—B Burns, C R, 6432 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 309 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C F. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagomia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J F Lauth, C R, 261 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C F. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreen, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C F. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Francchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittischmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnetz, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C F. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—G A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond O Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C F. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 326 Cleveland av; Joseph P Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 39 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtosh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 252 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C F. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd, Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C F. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 8 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kringa, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 443 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 233 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C F. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5534 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C F. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 35 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 702 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McGann, F S; H P Merrch, Treas; Dr E H Webber, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 79 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nellies, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 milwaukee av.

Mc Mullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Orane, R S, 381 Orchard st; P E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Penson, C F. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C F. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brancland, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Old Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 208 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis McCarthy, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J B Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Thus school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 443 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2616 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C F. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.

County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill.

County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.

County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.

County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 196 Forquer st; R. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second st.; Thos. Halpin, V-P; J. P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec, 923 Thirty-fifth st; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 2525 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 261 S. Halsted st., Pres. J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 693 S Halsted st; P. F. Radigan, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport av. and Union st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m. at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth av; M. Reilly, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 622 Forty-third st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Mm. Murray, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret, 444 Ogden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden, 476 W. Fifteenth st.; Fin. Sec., James E O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st; Treas., Mark Hardin, 422 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 96 Emerson av.; V.-P. Dennis Foley; Rec. Sec., John Hoban, 336 W Indiana st; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Cereoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Urimmins, 2862 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Talt, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas, James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Henely; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 72 Archer av; V.-P., C A Reedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 2631 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 128 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1229 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., F. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeoghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas., Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee av.

Div. No. 29—Pres., John McHerna, 5229 Wentworth av; V.-P. J P Dohery; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4428 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres., John Dowling, 267 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1066 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3100 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles P. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E

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Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

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Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.

John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

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John L. Cunningham, 2900 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.

Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N.J.

Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.

John Patton, No. 1 Freeman Ct., Boxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.

Rich. Powers, 2617 Dashiel st, Chicago, Ill.

John McFarland, 3734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.

J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.

Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.

Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.

J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.

T. F. Thornton, 3010 third av, Birmingham, Ala.

Daniel Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.

William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.

P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.

P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.

Thos. Noonan, 38 E Seventh st., St. Paul, Minn.

John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.

Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West

PERSONAL.

Mr. James O'Connell, of the Eighth ward, is being urged by his friends to make the race for congressman from the Second district. Mr. O'Connell resides in the Eighth ward, is popular and would be a strong candidate.

A Persecuted Irishman.

Mr. B. Bradley, formerly of Chicago, and lately engaged in the hotel business at Moville, county Donegal, Ireland, has written THE CITIZEN a long letter setting forth his grievances at the hands of magistrates, policemen, etc., who have persecuted him for three years on account of his connection with the Irish National League in the old country. These persecutions, Mr. Bradley says, resulted in placing him in financial straits. He is now in Chicago, but intends returning to Ireland and, if possible, resuming his business in spite of his ungenerous enemies. Mr. Bradley excepts from the list of tyrant magistrates the Hon. E. Cochran, of Moville, who is, he says, a man of judicial fairness.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from their own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

A Snow Plant from the Sierra.

One of the rarest plants known to botanists has been brought to this city by R. L. Swartz and is on exhibition in the windows of a down town florist. It is known as the snow plant and was found by Mr. Swartz growing near snowbanks in the Sierras, 6,500 feet above the sea level. The plant is indigenous to high and frozen altitudes and is a curiosity. It grows to the height of four or five inches, and when it blooms, which is soon after the spring thaw, it bears the appearance of a dark reddish pine cone set upright on the ground. It emits an odor that is not unlike that of the honeysuckle. The value attached to it is on account of its rarity, and the plant secured by Mr. Swartz is doubtless the first ever brought to this city.—San Francisco Examiner.

Saved from a Worse Fate.

A man who slept on the government pier so as to get the first fish that bit in the morning woke up so suddenly that he fell into the lake and was drowned. It was lucky for his future state that his fate o'ertook him e'er he had time to relate any stories of his day's successes. Fishing on Sunday is a trivial matter compared to the monumental mendacity which is its concomitant.—Chicago Mail.

How to See a Bullet's Flight.

By saturating the bullets with vaseline they may be easily seen in their course from the rifle to the target. Their trajectory course is marked by a beautiful ring of smoke, caused by the vaseline being ignited on leaving the muzzle of the gun, the smoke being suspended for some time in the air if not too windy. Much better scores result when grease of some kind is used. Bullets are not so apt to split, the recoil is not so great, and it is believed the course of the missile is more true.—Ohio State Journal.

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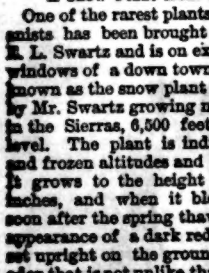

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Attorneys.

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JAMES O'CONNELL, Attorney-at-Law, Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block, 119 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 931.

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ESTATE OF ANN LEONARD, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Ann Leonard, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October, A. D. 1890, being the 20th day thereof. DORATHEA LEONARD, Administratrix, with the will annexed.

Dated Chicago, August 12, 1890.
P. McHugh, Attorney.

ESTATE OF MARY J. GUERIN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Mary J. Guerin, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October, A. D. 1890, being the 20th day thereof. JOHN GUERIN, Executor.

Dated Chicago, August 12, 1890.
P. McHugh, Attorney.

ESTATE OF NEWRICH JONES, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Newrich Jones, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October A. D. 1890, being the 20th day thereof. MARTHA JONES, Administratrix

Dated Chicago, August 12, 1890.
P. McHugh, Attorney.

H.R.EAGLE

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WE WILL ALSO SELL

A good Wicker Lunch Basket for.	1 cent	4 lbs After-Dinner Java Coffee for	$1.00
12 boxes Dry Bluing for	1 cent	3¼ lbs Special Roasted Java Coffee for	1.00
A good Rolling Pin for	3 cents	Basket Fired Japan Tea, per lb.	25 cents
1-lb package Best Mixed Bird Seed for	3 cents	Moyune Gunpowder Tea, per lb.	25 cents
Large bottle best French Mustard	5 cents	Formosa Oolong Tea, per lb.	25 cents
Celluloid starch, for Collars and Cuffs, it is the best, per pkg.	7 cents	A Good English Breakfast Tea, per lb.	25 cents
Best Turkish Prunes, per lb.	7 cents	A large-sized Basting Spoon for.	2 cents
Best French Capers, per bottle.	10 cents	Bronzed Coffee Pot Stands, each.	2 cents
Best Double Wash Board for.	17 cents	Bronzed Sad Iron Stands, each.	3 cents
40 bars Standard Family Soap for	$1.00	Patent Wire Mouse Traps, each.	15 cents

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ATTENTION VETERANS!

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.

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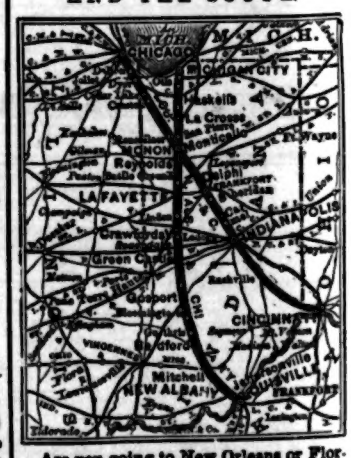

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